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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1893. NUMBER 2

Poetry.

IN THE WAYSIDE LOOM.

A weaver fastened his silken warp
In delicate strands of twilight gray,
Then filled his shuttle with deepest blue,
Made all things ready and went away.

The minutes called but he came no more.
A curious child peeped in and said:
"How dull and dark he would make his work!"
Then drew from her scarf a rosy thread.

Like dainty birds were her hovering hands,
Now here and now there among the gray
That faintly flushed with the hopeful thought,
The rosy gift of the child at play.

As noon grew sultry a toil-worn hand
Worked over it all a maze of stars;
Then others came, as the crowd will come,
And crossed the pattern with golden bars.

The evening folded its brooding gray
Close over the finished web of lace;
The shuttles, emptied of blue and gold,
Lay side by side in their wonted place.

But no one claimed for his own the work,
The fabrics of beauty wrought that day,
And each one thought, "It shall be for him
Who tied the warp and was called away."

It waited there in the wayside loom,
So carefully finished. Who shall say
It was not well for the world and him,
He filled the shuttles and went away.
—Isabel Darling in Woman's Tribune.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

There is a land where golden citrons grow,
Where white magnolias blossom all the year;
Those dwelling there pine for the Arctic snow,
The frozen pines, and whitened landscapes drear.

There is a land where nightingale and thrush
Make day melodious, and the moonlit night;
Those dwelling there long for the chilly hush,
The leafless boughs, and lonely raven's flight.

There is a land where winnowed northern snows
And winter's cold awake the sleigh-bell chimes;
Those dwelling there desire the damask rose
And the sweet drowsiness of southern climes.

With gaze fixed on some unattainable star,
The soul still yearns to reach a vague to be;
Fond dreamer! while we dream, neglect doth mar
The harvests of a rich reality.

Oh, heart of mine! that doth forever pine
For that which lies beyond its full desire,
Cease for a while! To-day alone is thine;
To-morrow Death may light thy funeral pyre.
—Rudolph Steinhagen.

HER GIFT.

"Pray, give me something new for Christmas day.
I have more scarfs than I can ever wear,
For slippers, let me say, I do not care.
Though a good book is never in the way,
I have no time for reading. Give me, pray,
No more cigars; I have cigars to spare.
Give me no fountain-pens—they make me swear:
No knives before my tortured eyes display."

Ah, pretty Stella overheard my plaint,
And knowing well I loved her, blushing, said,
"How very deep, it seems, is your despair.
Your troubles, sure, would aggravate a saint,
And so I think"—and here she bowed her head—
"I'll give you just myself; so take me.
There!"
—Nathan M. Levy, in Judge.

Miscellany.

WHY WOMEN FEAR MICE.

One of Them Tries to Think of the Reason for Being Afraid.

As a woman (and, I trust, a brave one) a lover of animals and a student of natural history, I ask the vexed question in all seriousness: "Why are women afraid of mice? queries the London "Woman." Why should the sight (I had almost written the name) of a tiny, harmless, graceful little creature strike terror into the stoutest hearts that beat in feminine breasts? Echo answers "Why?" The fear of mice is a hireditary curse, an inherited weakness, a fatal foe, which it is useless to combat, a foolish dread of which we ought to feel heartily ashamed and yet it is a real and a formidable terror.

I remember once reading a story about a coterie of strong-minded women who gave a series of lectures upon female virtues in an old country town assembly room. One of their number was chosen to deliver the lecture on valor and selected for her subject the history of Joan of Arc. But when the evening arrived and she was discoursing upon the valor of her sex in general a mouse ran across the platform and the lecturer and her strong-minded sisters jumped on to their chairs, clutching their petticoats in a manner not altogether picturesque. But I maintain that the fear of mice has nothing whatever to do with the lack of real bravery and that Joan of Arc would probably have clutched her petticoats in precisely the same manner.

A mouse in the chamber of Marat would, I believe, have deterred Charlotte Corday from her dread purpose, and the tail of one popping opportunely from the carving of Tullia's chariot would have prevented her from driving over her father's corpse, and I could cite many instances in which mice might have changed the history of the world. Who can doubt that Cleopatra and the other swarthy Egyptian beauties held the sacred cat in special veneration on account of the part he played in ridding them of their pet aversion? Every one knows that if a cat has a weakness it is for a plump, well-matured mouse, and puss has perhaps for this reason earned the affections, because the gratitude, of our sex.

The Lawyer Answered.

One of Chicago's most prominent lawyers tells a good story on himself. He says:

"It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the center of the state. A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks, and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive his neighbor was guilty of the offense charged against him, because he had seen the ducks in defendant's yard.

"'How do you know they are your ducks?' I asked.

"'Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere,' replied the farmer; and he went into a description of their different peculiarities whereby by could readily distinguish them from others.

"'Why,' said I, 'those ducks can't be of such a rare breed. I have seen some just like them in my own yard.'

"'That's not at all unlikely,' replied the farmer, 'for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately.'"—Farm and Field.

New Way to Earn a Living.

A clever woman recently said that if worst came to worst and she had to find some way of earning her living, she believed that she would become a "public sympathizer." "Any one could send for me," she explained, "and pour out all their worries and troubles while I listened and sympathized for, say twenty-five or fifty cents an hour. Everything should be strictly confidential, and I would never allow myself to have a greater worry, or a worse pain, or a deeper trouble, than my client. What do you think of that scheme?"

Now She Studies Art.

The Princess of Wales has been studying art rather seriously at Copenhagen, having taken lessons from both an English and a Dutch painter. Her two daughters take great pride in decorating their own rooms, and own a collection of bibelots from all parts of the world.

ONE MAN WHO WAS NEIGHBORLY.

Willing to Lend His Horse in Spite of Many Drawbacks.

They live on Drexel boulevard and are neighbors. One of them, the tall man, owns a horse and buggy, while the short man doesn't says the truthful chronicler of the Chicago Tribune. The other day the latter felt as though a drive would do him good, and he went over to the tall man's place to borrow the rig.

"You are perfectly welcome to it," said the owner. "I believe in being neighborly and accommodating, and you can just go to the barn and take the outfit whenever you want it. But I think I ought to tell you, to prevent accidents, that the horse has fits. Sometimes when he's trotting along

"YOU ARE PERFECTLY WELCOME TO IT."

he'll rear up and fall back in the buggy and carry on awful. He killed his last owner that way."

"Well, if that's the case, perhaps I can get another horse. I—"

"Don't think of it. I will feel offended if you don't take mine. I like to be neighborly and the horse needs exercise. He has the blind-staggers, you know, and sometimes he'll jump off a bridge or run up against a locomotive. He killed a couple of old ladies a year ago by disputing the right of way with a freight train. But he's a good horse and I know you'll enjoy driving him."

"I guess I'll go to a livery stable and ——"

"Don't do anything of the kind. Times are hard and you're perfectly welcome to my horse. Only when you're driving him you'd better remember that if he sees a telegraph pole he is sure to become unmanageable. It's singular, but that horse can't bear the sight of a telegraph pole. He just lies back in the harness and kicks the buggy to pieces and then throws himself down and rolls over on the ruins. He killed my uncle last spring—what? You won't take him? Now, that's too bad. You're just as welcome as the flowers in May and ——"

But the short man was over the fence and out.

GREEN STAMPS OFFERED.

A New Phase of Green Goods Offered the Public.

The green goods gentry are on a new lay. They are carrying a side line, as it were, and the postal authorities say that the hard times is largely responsible for it, as the green goods business has been extremely dull since the middle of the summer.

The new scheme, in short, is the offering of postage stamps instead of counterfeit money, with the insinuation that they are either counterfeits or have been stolen. The boldness of these men is evidenced in this scheme even more than in the counterfeit money deal, for not only are they importuning private citizens, but third and fourth-class postmasters all over the country.

Postmasters are dangerous men to make such a proposition, because they are more than likely to communicate with the authorities at Washington or New York. As it is, the secret service here has received hundreds of complaints during the past week from postmasters, but all these have been turned over to Anthony Comstock, and his agents are hard at work trying to run down the offenders.

Mr. Comstock thinks he recognizes the handiwork, and that it emanates from one of the most dangerous gangs in New York.

Here is a specimen of the last letter that has been received by a number of New York state postmasters:

Dear Sir:—I have 100,000 two cent postage stamps (face value $2,000) that I will sell every day one who will not ask questions, and who knows enough to keep his mouth shut, for $000, or I will sell 50,000 for $500. These stamps are all in original sheets, and are in good condition.

The purchasers are directed to write or telegraph to Albert Young, No. 12 Whitehall street, New York. Of course, no trace of Young is to be found at the address given, and no one in the building knows anything about him.

It is this phase that puzzles the postoffice authorities—how, in case the victim writes, is Young going to get the mail. On receipts of the first letter turned over to the New York authorities by an Ohio postmaster, the carrier on the Whitehall street route was ordered to turn over all letters bearing the address of "Albert Young, No. 12 Whitehall street," to the inspector's office.

In order to test the letter carriers, decoy letters are all the time being sent out to fictitious addresses by the postoffice, and should the carriers fail to return them there is trouble in plenty for them. This is in order to break up any connection between letter carriers and green goods men.

It is believed that most of the replies from victims have been sent by telegraph, because in one of the circulars there is a suggestion that this is the wiser plan, in order to avoid any complications with the postoffice department.

The other circulars accompanying the packet are similar to the regulation green goods circular, except that "postage stamps" is substituted for "goods." The circulars go on to say that these come in all the various denominations from 1 cent up to $5, and that all are in perfect condition. With this is the usual newspaper clipping describing the failure of the government authorities to distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit.

When a victim bites, the regular proceeding is gone through, and a box with one sheet of genuine stamps on top of a lot of blank paper of the same size is palmed off on him. The postoffice secret service has reason to believe that a number of victims have already been found, but so far they have been utterly unable to catch the offenders.—New York Journal.

Woman's Respect for Old Age.

Women have a great respect for old age. Watch a young lady seated in a street car between a young gentleman and an elderly one, and see how determined she is not to incommode the latter by crowding against him.—Boston Courier.

A Brief Call.

Come to stay?" asked the fish.

"Oh, no," said the worm. "Just dropped in for a bite; tha's all." dropped in for a bite; that's all.—Indianapolis Journal.

Even.

Miss Fitz—Very well, I shall sue you for breach of promise.

Jack Inabox—Go ahead, I'll sue you for slander for saying I proposed to you.—New York Herald.

POPULAR WINTER DANCES.

Novel, Graceful Figures, Games and Favors in Splendid Variety.

Last week a swell dancing teacher took a New York Sun reporter into his confidence. He said that the only people who cared to dance the newer and more elaborate figures in the cotillon are the inhabitants of Kalamazoo, Squidunk, and similar places.

He didn't admit, however, that the new figures are in demand in Harlem. "And," said the professor, "there is some lovely society in Harlem." The professor was quite right, of course, and there is probably "some lovely society in Kalamazoo and Squidunk. For the benefit of these charming circles, the Sun will publish some of the information which the professor imparted.

Some of the figures which Parisian dancing masters have evolved are herewith described, not for the benefit of the Four Hundred, who, according to the professor, do not want them, but for the edification of the Squidunk circles who pine for novelty.

In the first place, there is the yacht club figure, which is the occasion for a distribution of brilliant yachting flags which brighten up the room wondrously. Another is the telegraph figure. An instrument, which can be bought for the purpose, is set up, and cleverly indicates who are to dance together. La tambour major is a figure in which tall walking canes are distributed. In the butterfly chase, the lady flutters around with her best butterfly gait, and the gentleman, armed with his net, tries to catch her. Possibly, Mr. E. S. Willard might be induced to lead this figure, for he has gained considerable experience in "The Professor's Love Story."

The charivarie de cotillon is the occasion for a good deal of fun of the real Kalamazoo flavor. So is the masque figure, which explains itself. The foil figure may be made a trial of real skill. A good deal of laughter is caused by angling for ninepins. This is done with a hook and line, the ninepins having loops on top. Ladies and gentlemen both do the fishing, and those with similar numbers and colors dance together.

An original figure is the milkmaid yoke, with its two pails containing favors. The games of battledore and shuttlecock are utilized for figures, and so is the resurrected sport of croquet. Weighted hoops are set on the floor, and there is a general scramble to get through the most hoops before the signal is given. The fete Japanaise gives occasion for wearing a number of charming headdresses, robes, ornaments and fans. Dainty windmills are set up for another figure and made to revolve in order to denote the partners destined for each other. In the shepherd and shepherdess figures crooks with ribbons of different colors are distributed. In another figure necklaces and bracelets are distributed to ladies and gentlemen alike; not only that, but they are worn by those receiving them. The Kalamazoo "Chollies" will doubtless find this a fascinating figure.

Among the favors which reward the participants in these novel exercises are "surprise fans," which suddenly appear from the middle of a cocked hat, or a bouquet of roses, or a large cigar, or a bottle of champgane. Tridents, curious binoculars, crowns, harlequin's batons, fool's caps, epaulets, belts, and Chinese hats are others.

NEW STYLES IN COIFFURES

Are Modeled Chiefly on Those Affected by Our Grandmothers.

The latest coiffure for evening bonnet wear is a heavy irregular knot, formed of what to the New York Sun looks suspiciously like store hair, since few women are blessed with such abundant tresses as the design requires. The knot is made of heavy coils arranged to protrude outward from the head about midway between the crown and the back, and fills in the space left by the evening bonnet, which is now a simple half coronet of beads with a little rosette of color or a rose to finish the end on either side. The front has two Valkyre wings, a butterfly, or a smart upstanding bow of jet or of velvet, with jet or sparkling beads made into an aigrette. Occasionally a woman with a perfect shaped head and no fear of neuralgia dispenses with even so much as this half coronet and wears the butterfly bow of

beads poised in some mysterious way at the front, and apparently held in place by magnetism or attraction of some purely personal nature, since no visible means of fastening appear. The front hair with this style of coiffure is waved softly in large heavy looking waves, not in the old-time frivolous friz curls and parted in the middle to be drawn back simple beneath the coils. Of this new mode it is quite sufficient to say that it makes a woman of forty look quite her age, a woman of thirty look more than her age, and a girl of twenty seem plain, unless she is so exceptionally beautiful as to look pretty in spite of it.

For evening wear without the bonnet the 1830 style prevails. The side curls have not as yet appeared, but the curled hair is pulled down over the ears, and very young girls with oval faces even attempt the plain parted bandeaux, which look quaint, but not girlish. All the back hair is drawn up from the neck, twisted into a single tight little loop, or two loops if the face is broad, nad pinned in place with a comb of shell, or gold carved and bent in graceful shape. All the new hairpins are very imposing, following the fashion of the period when large combs prevailed. They are elaborately ornamented with jewels, and in gold with jewelled effects the large dagger hilt seems to be the favorite design. For the street, beneath the odd little cocked hats so much worn, the low braided coiffure, or the half low soft twist still prevail. Elaborate coiffures of heavy loops and twists are also seen, but they have grown very sober and dignified. Their coils are heavy and glossy, and no longer break out into little curls and ringlets. The day of smooth and shiny hair approaches, and the woman who has tortured her tresses with curling irons and cut and scorched them until no two hairs are of the same length, will spend her days in sad regret and her nights in subduing and smoothing her locks with pomade and vaseline.

She Runs a Paper.

A young woman named Horace Greeley Perry is the editor and proprietor of the St. Peter, Minn., Journal. For a long time she and her sister did all the work of the paper, and did it so successfully that they finally received the contract for the county printing.

Very Remarkable.

A remarkable woman died the other day. She bequeathed her whole fortune to the editor of a newspaper because she had had so many hours of enjoyment from the perusal of its columns.

Top Heavy.

Old Soak has apartments in one of the new hotels, part of the furnishing of which is a folding bed. Asked if he was not afraid of the bed folding up and injuring him, he said: "Oh, no; I keep my head at the foot of the bed. It's heavy enough to prevent accidents."—Philadelphia Record.

His Excuse.

The Wife—How did you dare, sir, to scold me before Mrs. Brown?

The Husband—Well, you know, Maria, I daren't scold you when we are by ourselves.—Kate Field's Washington.

ENGLAND'S SMALLEST CHURCH.

It Has Seating Accommodations for Thirty People.

There are many small churches scattered up and down England, of which Lullington church, in Sussex, is considered to be the smallest, according to a correspondent of the Newcastle Chronicle, who says it is abut 16 feet square and has sitting accommodations for 30 people. There is a small altar and a very big pulpit, the latter of which seems to absorb all the light of the five narrow lancet windows. Somewhere in the little wooden belfry which surmounts the roof is a bell, but the birds

LULLINGTON CHURCH.

have nested so religiously in the turret that the clapper no longer calls the faithful to prayer. The church is not in the best condition, and there is a deal of talk every year about "renovating" it. The most formidable rival Lullington has is Wastdale Head, in Cumberland, a larger and possibly more picturesque village, standing at the top of Wastwater Lake, in a valley stretching into the Copeland Fells. This village has a population of about 50 individuals. The church—in this case a neat stone building—is 14 feet by 30 internally, and seats about 40 people, so that for the present Lullington enjoys unchallenged the dignity of being the home of England's smallest church.

POOR TOM.

She is discovered leaning over a basket of deep red roses, says the Philadelphia Times.

"Poor Tom," she begins, "he is the most uncertain man I ever knew. Why, it is almost one whole long year since I met him and he has not proposed yet. Opportunities! Why, he has plenty of them. Oh, he had just the grandest chance at Mrs. Brown's ball! We were in the conservatory alone for fully half an hour. I wore a perfet dream of a gown—he was perfectly calm and talked politics.

"Then, again, our rides before breakfast in the park! And in my riding habit I am really sublime. But he was dull and talked Wall street. When I think of the satin, and my white suit, I confess I almost hate that man. No, not hate him! But he is timid, I do believe. Then all those games of tennis, and two full months at Newport, and he—horrible thing!—raved over nature's charms. Oh! —desperately—the is so disgustingly distressing! I shall not give him another chance; and oh, Tom! dear old Tom! I would have accepted you," sobbing, "but fate has decided against us. You are lost to me forever. I shall never, never give you another chance. Hark! I hear him coming now!"

She brings forth another basket of flowers and casts his roses aside.

He enters the room a little hastily.

She (indifferently)—Ah, Mr. Revere, is that you? I did not hear you come in.

"Yes, Miss Heartwell."

"Do come and look at these beautiful flowers Colonel White has sent me. He is such an adorable old gentleman, is he not? I for one rather prefer an aged man. They are so clever, sociable and captivating, and"—laughing—"they make such ideal lovers. What exquisite taste the dear Colonel does show."

"Too gaudy for refined taste, I venture to say."

"I think, Mr. Revere, you have ventured too far." Icily.

"I shall venture still further, and say I think it outrageous for that old man to run around with other women and his wife not dead a year yet." She fumes.

He takes three turns around the room, then takes from his coat a bunch of violets.

"See, Miss Heartwell, what exquisite taste the charming little widow Mrs. Joy, has. I pleaded for a flower. These violets were her own choice."

"I detest violets the odor is too heavy. I cannot remain in a room with them."

"You surely would not have me discard them?" Surprised.

"I would," madly. "I tell you I detest them. I detest that Widow Joy. She is a painted, made-up, jealous woman."

"But, Bessie—"

Wildly: "I tell you, Tom. I hate her, and if you are her friend, you cannot be mine—and the perfume of those violets is making me faint—I feel—"

She leans back; he puts his arm around her for support.

Very softly: "Bessie."

"Tom." Tenderly.

"Mrs. Joy does paint, Bessie. I believe you. I rubbed some off the other evening."

"You must have been very close," She draws herself from him.

"I mean, dear—we were dancing."

"Oh, Tom, dear old Tom!"

He puts his arm around her.

"And, Tom I do think Colonel White has very gaudy taste."

"Yes, dear."

"And, Tom, do throw those violets away. I am faint from their odor."

"I cannot, darling. I know they are your favorite flowers. This is the bunch you gave me last night."

Kissing the violets: "Oh, Tom, how could you? The dear, sweet, fragrant things!"

"I could, sweetheart, because—because—because—"

"Why, Tom?"

"Because I love you. Is it yes?"

Softly: "Yes."

* * * * * * *

"Now, Tom, darling, you shall know the truth. Colonel White did not send me those flowers. Papa is ill and his partner sent them to him."

"The dear, pretty flowers; what quiet taste his partner has."

"Yes, quite refined, Tom."

"Bessie, darling."

"Yes, my love."

"Say yes again."

Softly: "Yes."

A Solid Old Girl.

The Empress dowager of China is said to have great influence with her nephew, the present Emperor of China. To her advice it is believed the neutrality of China in the Franco-Siamese dispute is due. She is reported to have told the Emperor when he sought her advice, that his first duty was to look after the security, wealth, and happiness of his own country, and that China was not strong enough for aggression and should therefore leave Siam to its fate, which Siam had formerly done to China. The Empress dowager must be credited with extraordinary good sense and intelligence in the matter if this is true.

Through English Eyes.

It is always interesting to know what other people think of us, hence American girls read with interest such items as these from the London Queen: "The American girl, always on the alert for something new, has devised a scheme of having several handles for her umbrella or parasol. They match her different gowns, and she screws them on and off at will." It is also of interest to learn that "chrysanthemums are no longer fashionable, only roses and violets. Mrs. Astor has $20 worth of violets sent her every day. Orange blossom is also no longer in favor for weddings, and lilies of the valley are used instead."

Florence Nightingale.

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse, is seventy-three years old. She takes her baptismal name from the city in which she was born. For fully twenty years she has lived a life of seclusion.

Mrs. Beere's Cigarettes.

Mrs. Bernard Beere smokes cigarettes. Her throat is delicate, however, and she only indulges in a brand specially made for her, which have cork mouthpieces.

Reasoning It Out.

Tommy—Paw, does the Lord give people what they pray for?

Mr. Figg—Usually.

Tommy—I guess they hasn't been much praying done, or all the things would have been given away by this time.—Indianapolis Journal.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL-RUN.

By DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XI.

MISSING.

Miss Clayton signed to the servant, who assisted her in placing her friend on the grass. Then she commanded Dan to bring water from a brook near at hand and busied herself in efforts to revive Miss Norton who presently opened her eyes, shivered and suddenly sat up, saying:

"I must go to him immediately, Marion."

"Yes," answered Miss Clayton, "whatever you wish shall be done, Caroline. In the meantime——" She held the pitcher handed to her at that moment, "this will revive you." Miss Norton waived it aside.

"I don't want it—I don't want it. I am better now. You will not care to go with me?"

"On the contrary, nothing can prevent me," Miss Clayton replied. Evidently the garrulous tongue of the messenger of evil tidings had wrought more harm in one moment than might be remedied in six months. Miss Norton had received a severe shock. A great change had come over the poor girl in the past 10 minutes, so great, indeed, as to excite her friend's liveliest apprehension.

"When you feel strong enough we will return to the house."

"I am quite strong," said Miss Norton, but Miss Clayton made a sign to the black boy, who responded quickly by taking one of Miss Norton's arms, while Miss Clayton walked on the other side, it was in this order that they returned to the house.

Long before they reached the house they heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the valley road. Looking back they beheld first one, then another, then a group of horsemen riding up the valley.

"They are not all marching 'solid,'" said Miss Norton with a strange smile.

"Solid fiddlestick!" exclaimed Miss Clayton. "Caroline, I do not believe one word that man told us—not one."

"There was a battle. Why did everybody ride one way—these two are coming from the battle."

"I will not believe it until I have proof," said Miss Clayton firmly.

"See," Miss Norton paused midway in the lane and pointed to the foremost horseman, "here is your witness.

The horseman at that instant turned up the lane. They were scarcely well seated on the porch when the rider approached the house, leisurely dismounted, and tossing his bridle to a servant ascended the broad steps. When he stood fairly on the porch he doffed his hat, bowed and inquired:

"Which is Miss Norton?"

"I am Miss Norton," Caroline answered in a low tone, rising. As she faced the stranger with eyes that seemed to search his very soul, her heart throbbed violently. "Have you any message for me?"

"I have," said the stranger in well modulated tones. His voice fell on the listeners ears reassuringly. They divined instantly that this was the bearer of good news. Miss Norton indicated a seat. The stranger sat down as if he was perfectly at home there.

"Permit me to introduce myself. My name is Fordham."

"Are you related to Major Fordham, who is with Gen. Jackson?" Miss Clayton inquired.

"I am called Major Fordham," he replied, "and you——"

"Major Fordham, Miss Clayton," said Miss Norton.

"I have known Col. Clayton many years," said the major as he extended his left hand. Then for the first time the ladies observed that the major's right arm seemed immovable. His right hand was thrust under his vest.

"There was a battle, Marion. Major Fordham is wounded. Is it not so?"

The major's cheeks flushed. He smiled faintly as he replied, "It is not a very serious matter."

"You say that because the bitterness of defeat makes all other things secondary."

The Major looked from Miss Norton to Miss Clayton questioningly.

"Defeat?" The major held his head well up and settled himself firmly in his seat as he added, "either I am laboring under a misapprehension, or——"

"Were you not defeated? Did you not fly before superior numbers? Have you not left the field to the Union army?"

As Miss Norton propounded these queries with a rising inflection Major Fordham stared at her in undisguised astonishment.

"On the contrary. Quite—altogether the reverse. The Union army was routed—they fled before us like a mob finally. They outnumbered us. We drove them from the field. There never was such a panic stricken army as that which fled from us to-day. I verily believe they will not stop running until they reach Washington, and if I had my way instead of being here, we would be on our way to Washington—the capital would be ours."

The major's blue eyes flashed; the color rose in his cheeks; there was a ring in his voice that indicated the true man. He was genuine. Marion Clayton contrasting him with Mr. Pinkney, said to her friend in a low tone.

"How unlike Mr. Pinkney."

Miss Norton's manner and expression changed instantly. She was herself again. There was the animated play of features that was one of her greatest charms as she looked from her friend to Major Fordham, saying, "So, then, it is not true that whole regiments were annihilated by masked batteries?"

Major Fordham smiled again. "Hardly. Some—at least one federal regiment was scattered to the four winds. It did not attempt to reform again. But annihilation? Who talks of annihilation? Somebody who never was in the range of a gun I dare say."

"It was a—a Mr.—what did he call himself, Caroline?"

"Mr. Wirt Pinkey," said Miss Norton.

"Wirt Pinkey?—Pink!" The major controlled himself with difficulty, whereupon Miss Norton inquired if her guest knew aught concerning Mr. Pinkey's reputation, or standing in the community.

"Reputation? He has none," the major replied. "Standing? All the forces directed by men could not induce him to remain on a battlefield as long as he has legs to run. The most arrant coward, and the greatest liar—I beg your pardon, ladies—in Virginia." Then the major laughed outright. His laughter was so hearty and infectious that his listeners joined in it.

"So Pink has been here," said the major, when he recovered his breath.

Meantime a servant in obedience to a sign from his mistress, brought forth a salver bearing a bottle of wine flanked with fruit and cake, and placed it beside the major, who drank the glass of wine and nibbled the cake.

"You have a message for me, Major Fordham?" Miss Norton's manner was composed. Miss Clayton asked herself: "Is this the girl that fainted in my arms half an hour ago?" Her voice sounded strangely calm to herself as she faced the major, resolved to preserve her self-control, no matter what news he brought her.

"Captain Dwight requested me to hand you this." The major placed an envelope in her hand with a very sober face. Miss Norton turned her face aside as she opened the note. There was a brief interval in which no one spoke. Then Miss Norton, who perused the note in silence, faced the major.

"Please give my compliments to Captain Dwight when you meet him, and say I am under lasting obligations to him for his consideration. And now—please tell us the nature of your wound. Your arm is in splints—you are resolved not to excite alarm, much less gratify idle curiosity. But you will tell us how and where it happened."

"It is a bullet wound—it passed between the bones and will not cripple be. The doctors do not apprehend anything serious. The same ball touched my hand. (He did not say it carried away a finger.) It was when we feared the day had gone against us—I was carrying messages from the general to others who were doing the best they could. That is all there is to tell."

"Then you—you witnessed—you were in the thick of the battle?"

"I witnessed a part—rode over a portion of the battlefield. It is oppressively warm to-day."

This from one of the foremost of those courageous men who drove the Federal forces back across the plateau near the Henry House three times, and was compelled to retire three times by the Federalists.

"Then the sounds I heard were the thunder of artillery, not heaven's thunder," said Miss Norton, as if speaking to herself.

"In all probability," said the major, as he rose. "Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Norton? Command me. In all probability I will return to camp to-morrow. My errand is necessarily brief."

Miss Norton reflected.

"Is General Jackson all that he is represented to be, Major Fordham?" The question was asked eagerly.

"All and more. He is the most considerate of men," said the major, warmly. "To prove it I need only add that a service he rendered my father, who was a stranger to him, when the general was stationed at Pittsburg, in the recruiting office, has bound our family to him——"

"Then if I should at any time desire to speak to him——"

"If it is in my power you shall see him without unnecessary delay, Miss Norton. No man is more approachable. It is a pleasure to him to render others a service."

Miss Clayton's eyes were fixed on the major admiringly as he addressed Miss Norton. The major bowed a second time as he plead the necessity of resuming his journey before the day waned, walked out on the lawn, vaulted gracefully into his saddle, despite the arm in splints, waved his hand, grasped the reins and rode away.

As they looked after him the faint echo of music was borne to their ears. The sound came from the opposite direction. Turning their gaze westward they were just able to discern afar off a body of troops marching across the valley. They could see the banners flaunting gaily in the evening breeze as the martial music came to them in waves. Then it occurred to them that possibly Major Fordham's errand up the valley had some connection with the marshaling of the hosts in the distance.

As Miss Norton looked she was seized with a dizziness. She stretched out a hand, drew a chair to her, and sat down suddenly.

"What is it, Caroline?" Marion Clayton's voice expressed concern. Caroline handed her the note she received from Major Fordham. This is what Miss Clayton perused:

"Dear Miss Norton:—You will hear all manner of reports. Our regiment suffered severely; none behaved better throughout the day. Colonel Mason was wounded. Diligent search has failed to find him. Possibly he is still alive. Harry Mason is missing. He had only received a trifling wound when last seen, and in all probability he will be found all right in a day at most. There are numerous instances where officers have been captured and managed to escape after brief detention. I am inclined to think Lieutenant Mason fell into the enemy's hands, in which case the demoralization I have witnessed in the enemy's ranks justifies the opinion that ample opportunity will be given him to rejoin his company. Do not yield to despair.

"I remain, your obedient servant.

"JOHN DWIGHT."

Miss Clayton's hands trembled as she turned to her friend. Caroline Norton's head was bent forward; she was pressing her temples with her palms, but no sound issued from her lips.

"Miss Ca'line, hinny."

Marion Clayton turned; the white head in the doorway was bowed. The old freedman's attitude expressed deep dejection and sadness.

"Your mistress is not well, Hannibal," said Miss Clayton. "Some other time, Hannibal." She made a sign. The old servant turned with bowed head. He was shuffling away when Miss Norton rose suddenly and called him back.

"You have news for me—what is it?"

Hannibal shook his head slowly as he stood before her with his hat in his hand. "No, Miss Ca'line. I come to tell you 'bout de soger dat was in de fight. He gwine long de hill road. He berry sick, berry weak man. Dat soger say dat he see wid he own eyes Kurnel Mason's rig'mint. I ax him 'bout dat; I'se 'spicious 'bout dem triflin folks; I say, right smart, 'hucum yo' dis way? Dat berry sick man. He res' hese'f right dar den, 'n look at me, 'n I ax him nodder time, sharp, 'hucum yo' hyar sech long ways off de fight, 'n yo' bin dar? 'N he say he hope he never see no mo' 'cept he die—'yes' like dat, 'n drop he head. I ax him nodder time, 'hucum yo' hyar 'cept 'n yo' rin all deway? A'nt none Kurnel Mason's folks! Dey all splin' to fight! (I'se curus, Miss Ca'line, untwell I heah 'bout de Kurnel.) Den he spry up, 'n say he like to know ef eny ob de Kurnel's folks bin nigh, so I cum right off—"

"Where is this man, Hannibal? Take me to him immediately," said Miss Norton.

"Would it not be best to bring him here?" her friend suggested, but in her eagerness to hear what the soldier had to communicate Miss Norton hastened across the lawn towards the hill road, followed by Miss Clayton. Hannibal brought up the rear limping. When Miss Clayton reached the hill road Caroline was bending eagerly over a man in a grey uniform. The soldier was speaking with difficulty.

"I tried to explain to your servant how I got over the hill, miss. They hauled me in one of the wagons we captured from the Yanks early in the afternoon."

"Then you did not witness all the battle? You did not see Colonel Mason's regiment?"

"Yes, miss; our regiment relieved it."

"Tell us all you know—everything." Caroline sat down on the sword beside him. Miss Clayton looked down on them earnestly, while Hannibal stood at a respectful distance with a hand at his ear, resolved not to lose a syllable of the conversation.

"Begin at the beginning," said Miss Clayton. The soldier sighed. His eyes were fixed on the ground; his arms fell wearily across his lap.

"I'll make it short, miss. I saw a good deal, but somehow when I try to remember it doesn't seem so much. The Yanks were in the woods, back of a fence. Our brigade moved out on the road, crossed a field, and when we were in the middle of it the Yanks blazed away at us. We fell back. Then the artillery went for the Yanks and drove them out of the wood, and about the same time Colonel Mason's regiment—it belonged to another brigade and was back of us—they went across the same field cheering. The Yanks' batteries opened on them. It was awful the way they dropped. We could see our men falling right and left. One man—they said it was the Colonel—was ahead. The Yanks blazed away again, but Mason's men ran cross the field and entered the wood. They made the Yanks git, and then the General ordered our regiment to follow them. The Yanks were running to the left; but their batteries swept right along our front. We were too far across the open to turn; we had to do the best we could and that was the way we reached the wood and helped Mason's men to hold it. They kept advancing until they lost the'r many men that they couldn't make a decent front. They kept right on until we were ordered forward; then they fell back through our lines, an awful ragged crowd, miss."

The soldier paused. The silence was profound. Miss Clayton could hear her heart throbbing. Miss Norton's gaze, like the soldier's, was bent upon the ground. Hannibal slowly shook his head from side to side, as he raised and lowered his hands. At last Miss Norton asked:

"Where was Colonel Mason then?"

The soldier raised his head, looked around and replied mechanically, "The Colonel? Why, that was the time they missed him, I believe. I am not sure. I got a clip just then——"

"You are wounded—where?" Miss Norton's tones and manner expressed deep solicitude. The soldier bared his head. There in plain view was a horrible gash extending a finger's length across the top of his head. The edges of the cut had been drawn together in the middle with plaster, but the portion exposed was sufficient to excite a shudder.

"It's only a scalp wound—looks bad, but the doctors say I'm all right. I suppose I fainted. When I came to there were dead and dying men all around me—Yanks and Rebs."

Miss Clayton covered her face suddenly. Miss Norton looked at the soldier with dry eyes as she calmly asked, "Did you hear any one speak of Col. Mason's son?"

"Yes," replied the soldier slowly. "They were talking about him just before they set me down on the other side of the hill."

"Who do you mean?"

"The driver and the quartermaster's sergeant that come back to hurry up provisions. They allowed it was a great pity father and son should both be killed or captured. It is," the soldier added with a sigh.

Miss Norton suddenly stood upright. Miss Clayton put one aran around her quickly.

"Do not be alarmed, Marion," said Caroline in a low tone. "I am calm." Then she turned to the soldier. "I judge from your account that your officers will never be accused of cowardice. They were brave to rashness."

"No, miss. It was not altogether that, either."

"How, then, do you account for their loss?"

"Why, you see, there were whole regiments on both sides that looked so much alike Miss. Nobody knew just in time. Union and Reb. often wearing blue and gray. I've no doubt the Yanks picked up lots of our wounded officers thinking they were theirs."

"O! if this should prove true!" exclaimed Caroline in a voice tense with emotion. "But you," turning swiftly to the wounded soldier, "where do you live?"

"About three miles further on the hill road." The soldier rose as he spoke.

"Sit down," said Caroline sharply. "I will send a boy down with my carriage. You are not able to walk. Remain until he comes. And—I am indebted to you more than you can conceive. What is your name?"

"It don't matter much, Miss. I won't be home long. I've only ten days' leave. My name is Job Little."

"I hope your wound will mend speedily, Mr. Little." She gave the soldier her hand, then walked quickly to the house.

"You heard, Marion? Both lost."

"Yes, but Job Little said so many wore blue—"

"I heard. That is the first—the sole ray of hope left me, Marion. If it were not for that—" She paused. Perhaps, it would be well to remain silent. Her friend regarded her attentively.

"Surely, Caroline, you would not dream of visiting the camp?"

"The camp! I would search the battle-field. Yes, I would do more than that if it were necessary." There was a light in Miss Norton's eyes her friend had never beheld in them before. Her cheeks were flushed. She seemed to be animated by a new spirit as she ordered a servant to get the carriage out while she prepared with her own hands a lunch for the wounded soldier. This was confided to the servant with particular instructions. Miss Clayton looking on in silence, fancied she penetrated her friend's secret thoughts. 'She is thinking of her brother,' Miss Clayton said mentally. Heaven help us all! Who knows if he is living or dead?

* The variety of uniforms in the beginning of the war was confusing. Many of the Confederate officers wore the regular army blue in the battle of Bull Run.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PATIENT.

When Miss Clayton rode home in the d

trot that reminded Miss Clayton of the flow of an irresistible tide. Miss Clayton experienced a sensation similar to that one would feel contemplating a host of specters. Not even the broad light of day could efface the strange impression the cavalry made upon her. For the brief period of ten minutes the hill road swarmed with horsemen; now when their places were taken by rumbling wagons, Miss Clayton felt like one in a waking dream.

The inmates of the Norton house were destined to experience yet another sensation that morning.

The rumbling of wheels ceased when half of the long wagon train had passed the house; the van wagon was well down on the southern slope when a wagon immediately opposite the house stopped. The wagons preceding it rolled on and disappeared from view; a number of drivers in the rear leaped from their places and gathered around the wagon that caused the delay. Miss Clayton could see them looking in turn into the covered wagon. Then they gathered in a little knot on the road side. Now and then a face was turned to the house. Something prompted Miss Clayton to walk down to the road. In after years she realized more fully the nature of this inexplicable feeling; in spite of herself she was impelled by some strange force to approach the drivers grouped near one of the covered wagons.

"What is the matter?" Miss Clayton asked. "What is in the wagons?"

The driver removed his hat slowly as he replied, "Some fellows that are played out, and some wounded. There's one in that wagon about gone up. That's what they're talking about."

"Not dying!"

"Well—he ain't sensible, miss. He looks bad."

Miss Clayton stepped out on the road swiftly, and looked in the end of the wagon. Six men were in it. Two were sitting up, three were lying with their heads on their arms, the sixth man lay on his back with his hands above his head. This man's face, despite the long crimson gash under one eye, was like wax. His blue black hair matted on his forehead increased his deadly pallor by sheer force of contrast.

"He is dead!" Marion exclaimed in horror.

"No, miss, he ain't quite dead," said one of the drivers, as she turned to the group. "He keeled over all at once just now. I put my hand over his heart—he is breathing."

"Did you give him anything—a little whisky——"

"That's jest what we allowed, miss, but there's not a drop——"

"Where is your doctor—surely there is a doctor here with these sick men?"

"The surgeon is ahead. We're stumped. If you——"

But Marion was running swiftly toward the house. In an incredibly brief space of time she returned to the wagon.

"He has fainted. He is exhausted, perhaps, or it may be from pain," she said, as she commanded the drivers to lift him out on the roadside, where they would not be hampered in their efforts to resuscitate him.

A man with a gold cord around his hat, sole insignia of his rank, now approached and looked down on the group curiously, saying in indifferent tones, "Not much use, I reckon. Burnt brandy won't save him."

Miss Clayton looked up at him with flashing eyes. "A human life is at stake."

"Beg pardon," said the officer, doffing his broad-brimmed hat. "I don't feel the same toward him as I do to our men. This Yank killed one of our boys, and like to settle another—that's why I don't feel like wasting sympathy on him."

"Shame," exclaimed Miss Clayton. "He is an unarmed prisoner. If you were a prisoner——"

"I was wrong," the officer interrupted with a crestfallen look. "And you are right. Fair's fair—the fight's over. He is coming to again."

"This man is not a soldier; he has no uniform," said Miss Clayton, as the wounded man sighed deeply, and the group around him redoubled their exertions.

"No, miss, but some of the hardest fighting on both sides was done by men that had no uniforms. Some of our officers hadn't a spec on. The reason I happen to know this chap, he got away with an ambulance on a dead gallop from a Cub Run. Just when we were sure of him he jumped out, whipped his horses up, and shot one of our men with a gun. He bayonetted another before we shot him. I thought he was dead; but he turned up in the doctor's hands last night. I wouldn't give much for his chances now, though."

The drivers one and all shook their heads. At that moment the wounded man opened his eyes. He bestowed one fleeting glance at the faces around him, then closed his eyes again.

"What will you do with him?" Miss Clayton confronted the officer

"There's only one thing. If he lives we'll put him in the hospital; we must take him along anyhow."

"But he may live, if he receives a little attention in time. How far is it to the hospital?"

"Three good hours' journey, I should say."

"He will never survive three hours' ride." Marion's hands were clasped tightly. "Those poor men in there—they all have a feverish look."

"Yes, but we must not stop any longer. This man must take his chances with the others."

"Stay," said Marion suddenly. "Will you leave him here? He can but die—I will not think it a trouble."

The officer stared at her. Then he said in a manner indicating relief, "Certainly. There is no objection. Only you will have a lot of trouble burying him."

The train moved on again, while the servants under Marion's directions carried the wounded man up to the house, and placed him in a spare bed room. Until Marion left his bedside the wounded man realized that he was under a woman's care, and was able to speak in low tones.

(To be continued.)

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house, and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at C. E. Spayd's and Bower & Frederick's drug stores. Regular size, 50c and $1.

Beauty of Plainness.

The French say there are several "ages" as well as kinds of beauty; the beauty of mere youthfulness, which they call la beaute du diable; also, a beauty of "ugliness," of "old age" and of "thinness," called la beaute du stuge. Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, had the beauty of "plainness." She was so very plain of face that her expression of trustfullness, as though appealing to you to find some other qualities in her than mere "looks," shone out with a perfect radiance, that ennobled her face and drew friends to her, because she had no other beauty. But Miss Bremer took pleasure of her well-kept hands, of which she used to say, "Even hands have their moments" of charm.—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Wanted to See It.

"Do you like to look at the hogs?" said Farmer Richland to his little niece from the city.

"Yes, indeed, uncle," replied the intelligent child; "but I can't make out yet which pig it is which gives the boneless bacon."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Russian Ladies' Tastes.

The ladies who best patronize tobacconists are, next to the Kalmucks, the Russians. The ruling passion of Kalmuck women are ribbons to twist round their long tresses, tea, tobacco and bright handkerchiefs. But if they have to choose between tobacco and tea their option is for the former.

THE GOBELIN TAPESTRY

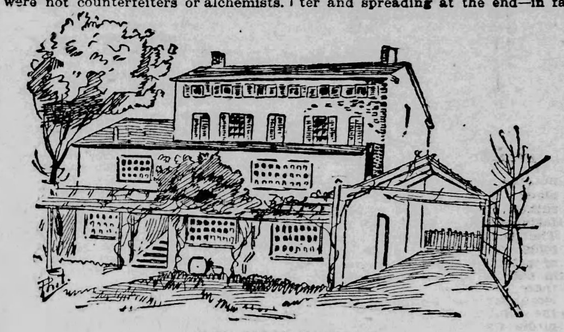
A NEW INDUSTRY FOR AMERICAN WEAVERS.

An Establishment of Looms on the Bronx River—How the Work Is Done.

On the east bank of the river Bronx, a minute's walk from the railroad station at Williamsbridge, there stands an old-fashioned house, surrounded by drooping willow trees, says the New York Sun. From the rear of the house a series of stone steps, that were cut and laid there more than a century ago, run down into the stream.

For many years this house was untenanted. A year ago a New Yorker rented it, filled it with queer-looking implements, the like of which had never been seen in that neighborhood before, placed five men at work within the walls, and set a great sign over the door: "No Admittance."

For a year those men worked there quietly, making no noise, and never explaining to the neighbors that they were not counterfeiters or alchemists.



THE NEW FACTORY.

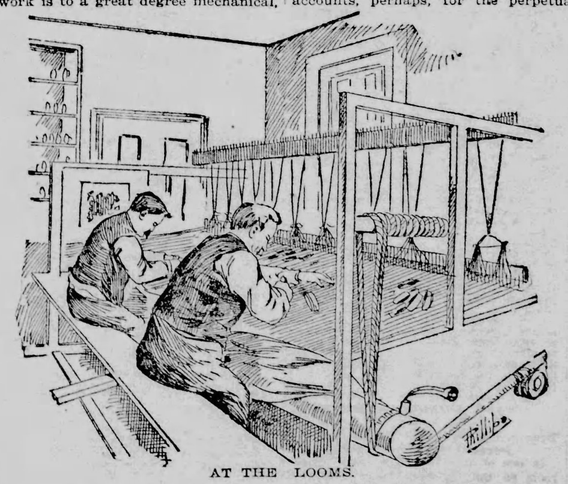
A few days ago, however, the secret leaked out, and its nature and its historical importance are such that it deserves to be chronicled as the planting of a new industry in the land.

During that year there were woven by hand in this house the first tapestries that were ever made in this country. Old as the art is in Europe, running back beyond the record of time, it had never before been introduced into America. It is true that woven cloth resembling tapestry has been made by machine in this country before, but the first piece of tapestry ever made by hand in the same way that it is made in the famous Gobelin works was woven in this old-fashioned house on the Bronx.

The credit of the enterprise belongs to Mr. William Baumgarten, of New York city. For a great many years he has been buying and selling tapestries and sending orders abroad for special designs. Like a true American he came to the conclusion that tapestries could be made in this country just as well as in the republics and monarchies of Europe. So he went to France and got five expert workmen from the Gobelin works to come to America and work at their trade here.

Under their direction, three looms were built exactly like those in the Gobelin works. A large stock of silk of all imaginable shades made in this country was purchased, artists were set to work making designs, and everything was in readiness to begin the work of tapestry making.

When you once know how to do it, tapestry making is one of the simplest things in the world. An oil painting is made of the design that is to be carried out. It is to be placed under the cotton threads which run across the loom, and then copied in silk threads that are woven upon the surface of the cotton threads. If the design contains a human figure or any object that requires delicate shading, an expert weaver can copy two or three square inches a day. The work is to a great degree mechanical,



AT THE LOOMS.

but it requires a good eye for colors, even to the finest shades of difference.

The first piece of figure work that was made took four months. It was about two feet wide and five feet long, and represented a woman holding flowers aloft. It is said by experts to be as fine a piece of work of its kind as was ever made in the Gobelin works.

Mr. Baumgarten has arranged with an orphan asylum to take some of the older boys as apprentices and teach them how to weave tapestry. It takes from one year to eighteen months to learn it sufficiently well to be able to copy simple designs. As soon as these apprentices have advanced far enough to do good work, Mr. Baumgarten intends to build more looms, and in this way he hopes the tapestry industry will in time attain the position here which it now occupies in France.

He Knew Him.

Mrs. La Gerbier—I hope you will be careful and never let Mr. Nevertreat see you coming out of a saloon. He is a great friend of papa's.

Jack La Gerbier—I would rather have him see me going out than coming in.—Puck.

Brethren in Business.

Dinwiddie — Book-keepers and sleight-of-hand performers have much in common.

Van Braam—How so?

Dinwiddie—They both flourish in the ledger domain.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

That Tired Feeling

The great benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Me., says: "About 5 years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach**, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** and **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives relief and great comfort. It is a God-send to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. Price 25c.

And Was Detained.

Mme. Gobbler—My children, I have sad news for you.

The Little Gobblers—What?

Mme. Gobbler (breaking into sobs)—Your poor, dear father attended a Thanksgiving dinner yesterday.—Chicago Record.

Following the Governor's Example

Father—When I was your age I earned my own living and never spent any but my own money.

Son—Well, father, I never spend any but your money, either.—Detroit Free Press.

Somewhat Paradoxical.

"So you used to be in business for yourself, eh?" asked the business man. "How does it happen that you are looking for employment?"

"I guess I wasn't up to business ways," answered the applicant. Every time I failed I made a failure of it."—Indianapolis Journal.

POINTS ON EVENING DRESS.

Severe Simplicity Now as Ever Marks the Man of Refined Taste.

Perfectly plain, fine linen shirts, showing two or three studs on the bosom, and guiltless of aught in the nature of frills or tucks, are most favored by the men who are always acknowledged to be well dressed.

The swells have pronounced in favor of the high standing collar, gracefully curved at the sides and with high, straight points which are just a trifle bent to give ease to the wearer's chin.

Inasmuch, however, as a man should never wear what is unbecoming to him, those who cannot wear this high poke collar may wear a lower one with ironed down points and still retain the tranquility of mind begotten of correct attire.

Cuffs are of generous proportions, with square points, and should always be fastened with a pair of link buttons. The best dressers always wear cuffs and collars attached to the shirt.

Ties are either of white lawn, rather wide and straight all around, or tapered from the center to a width of about two inches at the ends, or else—and these look especially well with the pique shirts—of fancy dimmity or pique, cut so as to tie a bow that is tight and crumpled in the center and spreading at the end—in fact, a butterfly, as it is commonly called.

Gloves for evening dress should be of very pale pearl color, of dressed kid, and stitched in self color or black.

The gentleman of assured position never dreams of making a display of conspicuous jewelry. Two, or at most three, small, single pearls on his bosom, or plain gold or white enamel studs of the plainest style, a pair of neat sleeve links, usually of bar or oval pattern, and sometimes set with a small jewel, and a very modest watch guard, with a plain gold signet ring would usually sum up the jewelry shown of an evening by a man of taste.

Either a fob ribbon or a plain gold chain of very slender pattern, and either with or without a quiet pendant, such as an intaglio, may be worn as watchguard.

The really correct hat for evening wear is the "crush" opera hat, which appears this season made of ribbed silk and is very handsome. Some men, however, will persist in wearing an ordinary silk street hat, and to a modest black alpine no exception can be taken.

The gay young sparks who take delight in tripping the light fantastic toe will usually do their tripping in a pair of patent leather pumps, void of any ornament but a plain, square bow of black silk.

Equally correct, however, is the cloth (or, correctly, the satin de laine) top congress or button shoe, also of patent leather, while for the dinner or theater the kid top button shoe, with patent leather vamp and very light of make, is finding much favor.

Shopping is a Fine Art in the East.

There is nothing dull or commonplace about shopping or shopkeeping in the East. Every man's shop is much more literally his stronghold than the Englishman's house is his castle, and every customer's appearance is the signal for a siege. The unconscionable length of time necessary to develop a bargain in Turkey accounts, perhaps, for the perpetual crowd in the bazaar. Whoever wishes to buy anything of which the price is not commonly known and fixed by custom, must return many times to the assault before he gets what he wants. The consequence is that where every customer comes four times instead of once to the shop where he has business, there are four times as many people in the tortuous passages and labyrinthine ways of the bazaar, as should legitimately correspond to the amount of business actually done. The process is certainly cumbrous. When you first see the object for which you are looking, you must be blind, not let your features betray by the least expression that you are interested. Next, you should ask the price of at least one hundred articles in the shop, being careful, however, not to omit the one you need, lest the omission should make the shopkeeper suspect that you want it. You will then send for coffee and say that you have not come to buy anything, but have merely made inquiries out of curiosity. A few days later come, and again ask the prices of several things. On your third visit you may allow yourself to look more closely at what you have long since mentally selected, and to offer the shop-keeper not more than one-third of what he asks. On the fourth day prepare for a final pitched battle. If you do not look unrighteously rich and have not the appearance of being a "tenderfoot," you may consider that you have done fairly well if you pay in the end about two-thirds of what was demanded, especially if you have dealt with a Turk or a Jew, avoiding anything like a Christian as you would shun the plague.—From "Constantinople," by F. Marion Crawford, in the Christmas number (December) of Scribner's Magazine.

HOW THEY MET THE EMERGENCY

Thrilling Situation of the Brownsmiths in Their Suburban Home.

The Brownsmiths have not been married long; they live in a suburban town in the Queen Anne house to which they are in the habit of inviting their friends from the city, apparently for the purpose of telling them how well the trains are arranged and that they intend to raise all their own vegetables next year. Mr. Brownsmith is also in the habit of telling his intimate friends just what he would do in case he should discover a burglar on his premises, and his wife has been known timidly to express the hope that Henry would confine himself in such a case to inflicting merely moderate injuries upon the would-be marauder.

The other night she was aroused by sounds proceeding from the lower part of the house, says the Chicago Tribune. The long-expected burglars had arrived! Her husband was sleeping the sleep of the suburbanite by her side and she shook him, whispering tragically in his ear: "Henry, Henry, I hear some one moving about down-stairs!"

"Um-hm."

"Henry, Henry, wake up, we will be murdered in our beds!"

The response was a murmur in which the only articulate words were, "the cat."

"No, it isn't the cat. O, why did I ever leave my comfortable home, where there were burglar alarms at every window, and come out here to be murdered in my bed?"

To which Mr. Brownsmith, nettled and wide awake, made reply in sarcastic tones: "But, my dear, you are not murdered yet; when you are it will be time to complain."

"This is no time for joking, Henry Browning," retorted his wife, "and I thought you intended to steal down and surprise any burglars who entered the house overwhelm them, and march them to the station house."

But Henry displayed a singular caution not in keeping with his words. "You see," he explained, "we don't know how many may be down there, and——"

"But O, Henry, my new bonnet! I left it on the library table."

"Never mind, my dear," with a groan, "the bill is with it, he may take that, too. Besides, you oughtn't to be so careless."

"O, Henry, how can you be so cruel? But why don't you go down and scare them off?"

"All in good time, my love. It is best to move cautiously in these cases. Besides—ah—my—my life insurance policy has run out. I do not fear death myself but the idea of leaving you penniless——"

"O, Henry, how brave you are! But perhaps it is only the wind."

"No, I am sure that it is burglars, and I will go boldly down—but promise me that if I am killed you will not marry that abominable cousin of yours."

"O, Henry," weeping, "don't go, don't be so rash. Never mind about the bonnet—it was not very becoming after all."

"Very true," with alacrity. "Besides, if I were killed you would have to wear a black one."

"Ye-es. O, why doesn't somebody come along? We could call for them to send the police What time is it, Henry?"

At this Henry, glad of a diversion, began feeling under the pillow. Suddenly he sprang out on the floor, crying: "By George, it isn't there! I must have—I did leave it on the parlor mantelpiece after I wound it up. I say, this is an outrage; that watch cost $200. I'll go down and——" Here he began a search for his clothes.

At this his wife began to weep wildly. "O, Henry, don't go, he'll kill you! O, there he is coming up-stairs now!"

And, sure enough, a rather heavy footstep was heard coming up the stairs, and Mrs. Brownsmith rapidly got behind her husband.

"Who—who are you? and what do you want?" he called in rather shaky tones.

"It's me," replied a familiar and injured tone, "an' breakfast is ready, as ye told me—th' train'll go in three-quarters of an hour."

"O, Henry," cried his wife, "I forgot all about it. You see, I wanted to go into town and do some shopping and I thought I would take the 5 o'clock train, so I told the girl to have breakfast, and—O, Henry, if you continue to use such language I shall certainly go home to mamma!"

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"I Have Called You Friends," by Irene E. Jerome, author of "One Year's Sketch Book." "A Bunch of Violets," etc., is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The text of this exquisite book consists partly of sentences from Scripture, and partly of brief sayings and poems by R. W. Emerson, Helen Hunt Jackson, John W. Chadwick, Paul H. Hayne, W. C. Gannett, Charles Kingsley, and "D. M." It is clearly engraved in Old English, and each page is, as it were, framed in an artistic design, in which the gray-green of leaves, lines of dashes of chased gilding, and flowers in lovely colors, make a picture of glowing harmony, like the frontispiece of an illuminated missal.

"All Around the Year" is a lovely calendar for 1894, designed by J. Pauline Sunter and published by Lee & Shepard. Hanging by its silvery chain and tied with dainty silk cords and tassels.

"The Young Navigators, or The Foreign Cruise of the Maud," by Oliver Optic, is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Every boy who has hidden away in a corner to pore over Optic's stories will be glad to hear that the genial friend of the boy story lover has written another volume in his "All-Over-the-World Library." This latest story, which is the second volume of the second series, recounts the further adventures of Louis Barstave and his faithful ally, Felix Mc-Belcrave and his trip which begins at Constantinople and extends to many islands of the Archipelago.

"A Motto Changed," by Jean Ingelow, is a love story of the South of England in which accident and accident conspire against the aims of a lover who became enamored of his tutor's daughter. An accident brings on the climax, which is not reached until the last chapter. The plot is well constructed, and the story is told in excellent style. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

From the Harpers' also comes "The Mate of the Mary Ann," a story by Sophie Swett, author of "Captain Polly," "Flying Hill Farm," and others. It is a very bright story of a family of girls and one boy who are left to take care of themselves. The mate of the Mary Ann is a girl and her adventures are full of interest. Girls and boys will find the story very attractive.

The fifty-three weekly numbers of Harper's Young People from November 1, 1892, to October 31, 1893, inclusive, have been bound in the customary ornamental covers and make a handsome big volume of more than 900 double column pages. Surely no other single volume in the market contains half so much choice reading matter as does this, nor can any two or three together offer more for so small a price. New York: Harper & Brothers.

One of the finest holiday publications is the new edition of Charles Reade's classic romance, "The Cloister and the Hearth." William Martin Johnson's artistic pen has embellished the 1,200 pages which comprise the two volumes with head, tail and side pieces and vignettes drawn in harmony with border designs. The artist having been allowed the liberty of employing his own judgment, has given to the book a decided artistic character. The first volume opens with a photogravure portrait of Mr. Reade. The frontispiece of the second volume is a vignette of Erasmus in sepia. The binding is in harmony with the refined and beautiful work of the book-maker on the inside. The covers are of pongee silk embossed and lettered with gold. Harper & Brothers, publishers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Tom and the Money King," by William O. Stoddard, is published by the Price-McGill company, St. Paul. It is a story for boys which is illustrated quite fully by Charles Edward Hopkinson. There are some excellent points as where Tom is trying to help Amy to improve her mind, and the funny comments of the parrot, etc.

"Twenty Years at Sea, or Leaves from My Old Log Books," by Frederick Stanhope Hill is not a romance, but, as the author assures us, a record of personal experiences "truthful pictures of a sailor's life fifty years ago, and veritable experiences in the navy during the war." The writer was attached to the Gulf squadron and took part in some of the most exciting naval expedition in that region. Later he commanded a gunboat under Admiral Porter on the lower Ohio and tells some interesting incidents not reported in histories of the war. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"Picciola," by X. B. Saintine, one of the most charming and popular of French classics was placed in the hands of the distinguished French artist, J. F. Gueldry last year in order that his tender and touching story might obtain an adequate pictorial accompaniment. The result has been a series of over 100 drawings, including full page pictures, vignettes in the text, and head and tail pieces. M. Gueldry has thoroughly sympathized with the delicacy and beauty of the story, and the publishers believe that this edition will take a permanent place as the standard illustrated Picciola. It will be uniform with "Le Cid" Lee & Co.'s illustrated editions of "Colette and An Attic Philosopher in Paris." New York city.

"Sabbath hours" further described as "Thoughts" upon the title page by Liebman Adler is issued by the Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. It is made up of 54 sermons, one for each Sabbath of the year and two additional, which were culled from two volumes of German sermons on texts from the Pentateuch, which were published by the late Rabbi Liebmann Adler, of Chicago.

This and impure blood is made rich and healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It braces up the nerves and gives renewed strength.

MELODY IN A CABIN

PEEPING THROUGH THE WINDOW ON A STORMY NIGHT.

Gulf Negroes, Their Melodies and Curious Instruments—A Nest of Them in the Woods—Music Mad.

It might have seemed unusual to the hotel clerk at Pass Christian, when I buttoned up my big storm coat and sallied forth into the darkness and the storm, but to my mind, the splash of the cool rain drops on my face, and the swishing of the giant pines, or the roaring of the storm

"NEGRO FOLLOWED ME."

and the surf on the Gulf coast, were better a thousand fold than the rattle of "chips" and the call for deals and drinks in the smoking room of the hotel.

As I left the hotel, passing out through a side gate, a negro servant followed me, fearing, perhaps, that I'd "clean gone daft." He had a lantern, and holding it high above his head, called after me as I stepped through the gate, but I passed beyond his reach into the night and the storm and sought the beach, following its gravelly shores as far as the storm and tide would allow me. Then I moved up over the levee that surrounded the town, passing through dense growths of cedar and live oak where the swinging plumes of moss rendered the darkness more intense.

I must have skirted the town, and had thoughts of turning my steps toward the hotel, when a tiny light in the dense growth of pines attracted my attendon. With the light came a strange, weird melody, that once heard is never to be forgotten.

It was the song of the freedman—the song of the whilom slave. The music of the Gulf negro. A creature that would rather sing than eat, and

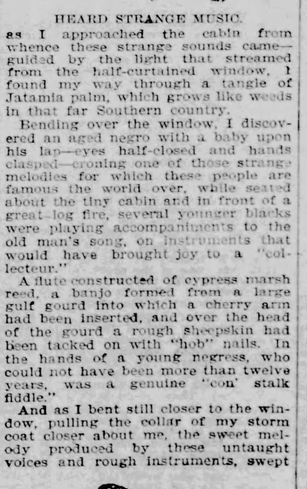
HEARD STRANGE MUSIC.

as I approached the cabin from whence these strange sounds came—guided by the light that streamed from the half-curtained window, I found my way through a tangle of Jatamia palm, which grows like weeds in that far Southern country.

Bending over the window, I discovered an aged negro with a baby upon his lap—eyes half-closed and hands clasped—crooning one of those strange melodies for which these people are famous the world over, while seated about the tiny cabin and in front of a great log fire, several younger blacks were playing accompaniments to the old man's song, on instruments that would have brought joy to a "collecteur."

A flute constructed of cypress marsh reed, a banjo formed from a large gulf gourd into which a cherry arm had been inserted, and over the head of the gourd a rough sheepskin had been tacked on with "hob" nails. In the hands of a young negress, who could not have been more than twelve years, was a genuine "con" stalk fiddle."

And as I bent still closer to the window, pulling the collar of my storm coat closer about me, the sweet melody produced by these untaught voices and rough instruments, swept



ON HIS OLD GOURD BANJO.

out into the wild night, I realized that I had had the good fortune to stumble upon a cabin of those quaint creatures famed through the South for musical proclivities. In fact the Gulf negro seems to be born to sing. He is music mad, and will invent some of the strangest methods to produce musical sounds. As I turned to grope my way back to the road, the last lines of this song reached me:

"When we reach de golden shoh',
Dan we sing fo' eber mo'.

S. FRANKLIN YEAGER.

THE MODERN MOTHER

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Poor Tottie.

Now it is the overworked barmaid who is enlisting the sympathies of English agitators of the woman question. It is reckoned that there are 120,000 young women in licensed houses who work from fifteen to ever eighteen hours on week days, and from seven to nine on Sundays, with one Sunday off in each month. The barmaid's hours are longer than those of the laundress, but the hard work of the latter makes the strain greater.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Lame Mare

E. H., Tennessee:—As your mare shows lameness in the start, and it diminishes on motion, navicular disease, or rheumatism, is indicated—perhaps the latter; but of this the editor cannot speak with certainty. You had better examine carefully for corns, as shown in The Blade Farmstead a week or two ago. Feel around the coronet and see if there is any heat. That is all that the editor can advise until more definite information is received. When the foot is swung in a half-circle, but little above the ground, there is lameness of the elbow or shoulder; foot brought down heel first, founder, seedy toe, ringbone, etc.; foot brough down toe first, side bone sprain of back sinews, sprains of suspensory ligament, navicular disease, or shoulder lameness. Search for the lameness according to the above, and when point of lameness is detected, the editor will tell you how to treat the mare.

Blind Staggers.

J. W. L., O. T.:—This disease is the result of overloading the stomach, especially with coarse food, poisoning, tumors on the brain, over-driving of fat animals. When first attacked, if the animal has a full, slow pulse, take four quarts of blood from the jugular vein. If the pulse is feeble and quick, no blood should be drawn. If the horse is bled, no medicine should be given until this is done. Then give a cathartic of 1 1-2 pints of raw linseed oil. After this give bran mashes to keep the bowels from constipating. Also give an ounce of pulverized saltpetre once a day for three days. The animal must be fed at regular hours, on easily digested food. Give no corn for a month, and avoid cows' hay or grass. Hay should be of the best and perfectly free from mould or dust. See that the collar fits snugly. Be careful not to overfeed the animal. In weather put a hood over the animal's head to keep the sun off.

White Specks in Butter.

A Subscriber, New York: The trouble may be that there is an excess of albuman in the milk, which is quickly coagulated. The cow is lacking in good condition from some cause. The remedy is to give the heifer no hay in which there are weeds. She should have about 1-2 lb. of Epsom salts in 1 1-2 pints of warm water. After this give her 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre in drinking water once a day for four days. Then give her in scalded bran or cut feed, 1 oz. hyposulphite of soda once a day for about ten days.

Thrush.

R. A., Illinois: Your horse has a bad case of thrush. Cut away all excessive growth, then wash the part with warm water and soap. Take of sulphate of copper, 2 ozs., sulphate of zinc, 1 oz. Mix well with 2 lbs. of lard, and one of tar and every night and morning cover a piece of tow with it and thrust it into the cleft of the frog. The horse must be kept on clean bedding and the straw should not be permitted to get saturated with urine. Thrush is frequently the result of an untidy stall.

What Grape Is It?

Mrs. I. V. G., Kentucky: The grape was so much wilted that identification was impossible. It was very likely an Isabella.

Horse's Heel Burned by a Rope.

R. M. G., Michigan: For the part that was burned and seems to have a fungus growth apply powdered sulphate of zinc, 1 drachm distilled or rain water, 1 oz. The part should first be poulticed before the application is made with the zinc and water.

Best Dairy Cow.

H. N. W., New York: The Ayrshire cow has a very high reputation as a dairy cow. The trouble with them is that they have a tendency to nervousness. But if properly trained the cow is docile and easily managed. The short horns are noted as milkers and are of large size. Some families of this breed have fine milking qualities and are very popular. The Holstein is a hearty eater, gives a large quantity of milk, especially when it has rich and succulent food, and is a profitable animal for milk or cheese. It will not do so well as the Ayrshires on short pasturage. The Devon is considered a good cow for the farmer. She is medium as a dairy cow, giving a fair quality of very rich milk, but when bred with a view to increase their size, strength and rich qualities, the milking qualities decrease.

The Herefords are not considered a great dairy cow, but they take on flesh rapidly, mature early and as a breed they turn out splendidly as a beef producer. The Shorthorns are also superior as a beef-producing breed. For rich butter, the Jersey cow stands at the head.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jerseys for the Dairy.

With the continual decline in the prices of all cereals, more farmers are gradually awakening to the fact that some other field of industry must be opened if they would lift the mortgage from their homes or enjoy the comforts and luxuries which wealth alone can buy.

Many of these overburdened farmers have, along with their grain-raising, dabbled in dairying; but for lack of care and an understanding the laws of inbreeding, their stock has degenerated until the profits, if profits they may be called, when the cost of keeping is considered, amount to the few necessities of the table.

The fact that good butter always commands a steady price, as shown by the market report of any paper, has led many to inquire more closely into the nature and possibilities of this particular branch of dairying. That there must first be a change in the grade of their stock most farmers are convinced, and to those beginners who cannot afford the time or means to prove which breed of cattle is best adapted to their needs the experience of open-eyed, truthful men is invaluable. Among the many breeds whose merits have been discussed and advocated by leading dairymen are the Jerseys.

It has long been conceded by experienced dairymen that they produce more butter from a given amount of proper food than any other breed; and since economy is one of the roads to wealth, the man who feeds a dollar's worth of food to a Jersey cow and receives in return two dollars for his labor is nearer his goal than the possessor of inferior stock, who often is not repaid for the food they eat, to say nothing of his labor. Then to change these unprofitable animals which yield three or four pounds of butter a week, for those requiring no more food or care and which produce eight or nine pounds a week, is a question which ought to command his immediate attention.

The widespread distribution of Jersey cattle throughout the United States proves that they are not restricted to any particular climate.

Now that the patrons of many cheese factories are being paid according to the amount of fat found in their milk, there is an added reason why the farmer should hesitate to improve his stock. Many people will tell you that the high records made by some Jersey cows are exceptions; but it is not to these special cases, to which you, for lack of means, perhaps can not afford to imitate, but to the record of the general Jersey we would have you turn for convincing proof that she might be your home's salvation. It is a mistake among master dairymen that they seek to combine the qualities of a beef and butter producer. This invariably results in a beef producer, but if he persists in his object, let him not tamper with the Jerseys, whose mission is strictly that of butter making.

Their beauty, their gentleness, and, above all, the superior quality of their milk, justify them in their claims to the title of "dairy queens," and make them a desirable object in the eyes of the contemplative buyer. To possess a Jersey is to be inspired to nobleness, and to care for one is to be educated to gentleness and an appreciation of beauty.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Weevils in Grain.

Rural New Yorker:—Weevils may be destroyed by the vapor of bisulphide of carbon. It is heavier than air, hence will descend between the kernels of grain, and is easy of application. One and one-half pound of bisulphide is said to be sufficient for one ton of grain. Dr. Riley gives the following method of applying it: A ball of tow is tied to a stick of sufficient length to reach the middle of the bin containing the grain. The tow receives the charge of bisulphide like a sponge, and is at once plunged into the grain and left there, the mouth of the bin being tightly closed. When necessary, the stick may be renewed. The action of carbon bisulphide lasts in ordinary cases six weeks, after which period a fresh charge is required. The bisulphide is said to do no harm to grain, either for culinary purposes or for seed, provided that not too much is used, and its action is not too long continued.

Preparing Ground for Seed.

The time is about here for putting in fall grain, and the condition of the ground is the important thing just now. It would be a good plan as fast as the ground is ploughed to harrow or pulverize it in some way and then continue to run over the ground once a week and to alternate with a muller or roller and harrow till the ground is ready for the seed. In that way the ground will pulverize nicely for the seed-bed. On the other hand, if the ground is ploughed and left to stand till the wheat is ready to be sown, it does not get the benefit of the rains as well as if it had been worked at intervals. It is not always possible that the ground is in condition for ploughing in the fall and it is ploughed when it is very dry and the ground is thrown up in chunks. When the ground is turned up in this shape, after the first rain that comes it should be run over with the harrow so as to pulverize the large chunks, and continue that way after each rain. If it is done, the large chunks will not pulverize this fall. By reducing the size of the clods the rain can more easily pulverize them. If the ground has been ploughed deep the year before, it is not really necessary to plough deep for wheat, but this depends on previous farming. We have seen fields that looked as if the seed had been drilled on the ground without harrowing after ploughing. It may make a crop, but the chances are against it. These suggestions are made not because the most of our farmers are not aware of the fact that it pays to prepare the seed-bed for grain, but rather because the most of our farmers have a way of rushing through their work in order to get the seed in the ground in time. We are of the opinion that a little more time should be taken if it does make it a little late in finishing up the seeding.—Nebraska Farmer.

Keeping Frost Out of Cellars.

Ordinary farm cellars in which are kept canned fruits, cabbage, celery, potatoes, turnips, apples, etc., can usually be made warm enough to keep out frost. To do this it is necessary some time before holidays, to carefully and effectually close up all windows and doors, of course allowing proper ventilation, which is one of the essentials of a well-kept storage room. For this purpose use saw dust, straw or any other available packing material about the windows. If the cellar is reached from the inside as well as from without, the outside door can be treated the same way. If this work is properly done, the stores may be expected to be safe during any reasonable weather. But it often happens that at some time during the winter season an unusually cold spell of weather makes it necessary to use some additional means for keeping out the frost. If the chimney extends down into the cellar put up an old stove, and during the severest weather keep up a little fire, remembering not to raise the temperature too high for that will injure the contents of the cellar. Simply keep the air a little above freezing point. A very little fire will effect this. If a stove is not practicable, the same results can be obtained, probably with less trouble, by using a kerosene heater. These are large lamps with broad wicks which can be obtained for a dollar and sometimes less. They are used on camping excursions for cooking and are sometimes called kerosene stoves. One of these placed in a cellar and the wick adjusted to keep up the required temperature will need attention only once or twice a day and will be found most effective in keeping out frost during very severe and long-continued cold weather. —Orange Judd Farmer.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No. Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

Marriage in Siam.

A declaration of marriage in Siam is simpler even than it used to be in Scotland. You ask a lady to marry you by merely offering her a flower or taking a light from a cigarette. If it happens to be in her mouth; and your family and the bride's family have to put up at least $1,000 apiece for a dowry. Unlike Japan, the Siamese women are treated as equals, but their can seldom read or write. The principal impediment in the way of marriage is that each year is named after an animal, and only certain animals are allowed to intermarry. For instance, a person born in the year of the rat cannot marry a person born in the year of the dog, or a person born in the year of the cow with a person born in the year of the tiger, and there are similar embargoes about months and days.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Duchess and the Dictionary.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette thinks that duchesses and dictionaries know too little of each other. "The greater the swell the worse she will spell," declares he. "A large gilt coronet on a letter has sheltered the most prodigious blunders. One of the most gracious salon holders in London commits literary solecisms that would wreck a train. 'Tis only pretty Fanny's way, and if Fanny happens to be a duchess her errors will not in the least affect her position."

Sir Arthur Sullivan on the Turf.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, of "Pinafore" fame, is coming out as a racing man. His name figures among the list of subscribers to the Two Thousand Guineas of 1895. Sir Arthur has entered a colt called Skopts, which he bought at the late Lord Calthorpe's sale.

The Angora Cat.

The Angora cat is peculiar. When its fur is entirely white the animal is invariably blind, but when there is even the slightest tinge of color the vision is as perfect as if any other normal cat. This phenomenon is not accounted for. The only case of a similar kind known is that of the fishes in Mammoth Cave, which have no

The Camp Fire.

They Got a Square Meal.

Editor Camp Fire:—In the spring of 1865, our regiment, the Thirty-second Maine, was in camp between Fort Lyon and Fairfax Seminary hospital. One of the boys from our company, who was a patient at the hospital, came down to the regiment one morning, and asked three of his chums, myself included, to go back and take dinner with him.

Two of us were late boarders from Libby, Andersonville, Danville and Savannah, and had remarkable appetites. We accepted the invitations without any coaxing, and about 11 o'clock we started. We got there in due time, but the course for dinner that day was very tame, consisting of bean swagger, and very little of that; so we were just as hungry after dinner as we were before. The comrade from the hospital felt badly, so we got together and tried to think of some way in which to get filled up. Our host brightened up, and said, "I have it; there is an old chap out here on the hill who keeps a kind of a sutler's tent in one room of his house; he is a terrible mean old rebel. I will go ahead and be sitting on his piazza, and you fellows come along in a few minutes and pretend you don't know me, and ask me in to have something to eat." We agreed to it, of course. I, being the oldest (18), was chosen spokesman. When we came near the house, our chum was sitting there according to agreement. I said to him, "Hello, comrade! What regiment." He answered, "The Thirty-second Maine; what regiment is yours?" I answered, "The Seventeenth Vermont;" so of course we were glad to meet, as the two regiments were in the same brigade. I asked him if he would go in and have something to eat; he did not refuse, so we went in, and the way we put cakes, pies, new cider and other things too numerous to mention into us, was a caution to razor-backs.

After eating and drinking all we could hold, we each took a plug of navy tobacco, then came the check part. We did not have a penny to our names, so I put on a bold front and said: "Come boys, let's get back to the regiment." Our chum of the hospital spoke up and said, "Hain't you fellows going to pay for this stuff you have had?" I told him no, we were broke; then he broke out and called us everything he could think of, said he was sorry he belonged to the same brigade with such thieves. Then the old sutler opened on us; he was going to report us, murder us, and I don't know what he was not going to do to us. He had a boy 12 or 13 years old who was going to get the gun and shoot us, but when he started for the gun we started for camp, and were but a very short time getting there.—O. H. Thompson, Thirty-second Maine Volunteers.

About Resaca.

Editor Camp Fire:—R. Springer, Co. C, 129th Ill., says his brigade was ordered to report to Gen. Howard at Wauhatchie. Howard commanded the Eleventh corps only, while Joe Hooker was commanding both the 11th and 12th corps. The headquarters of both generals were in Lookout Valey, some six miles from Wauhatchie. He says the 129th Illinois charged and took the battery at Resaca. It was a big job for one regiment; please give the other boys a little praise. It seems as if there were some other fellows in that muss. I will tell my way of seeing it.

The Second Massachusetts was sent out on a reconnoisance, and found a four-gun battery on a high knob or hill in the woods, which had a raking fire down the road, and rebel infantry in rifle pits along the crest on either side. Hooker was ordered to take it. The Third division began the assault; Ward's brigade on the right, then Wood's brigade to co-operate by forcing the enemy's position next on the left; Colgrove's as a support. The two first brigades, Ward's and Woods's, started on the double-quick down a steep hill, and three ridges, over a plain swept by shot, shell and canisater, up to the fourth hill to the enemy's works, where the fire was terrifically hot and close. When the two brigades got to the battery, it was all jammed in a mass, and the 70th Indiana, Col. Harrison's regimen, and some men from the 26th Massachusetts went into the redoubt, and the 70th planted its colors, shot down the gunners, and stayed there five minutes, when we were all driven out, and back two rods—all but some 20 men who took shelter under cover of the redoubt, and kept up such a fire that the rebs could not retake their guns. "Daddy" Ward was wounded, and Col. Harrison took both brigades. Neither side could take the battery in daylight. The brigade of Ward's was relieved at dark by Gerry's second division, and some of his men dragged out the guns after dark. The 33d Massachusetts lost in this charge three color sergeants, seven officers and 35 men, shot dead; 62 officers and men wounded. I saw the ammunition boxes opened after they were dragged into our lines, and they were over half empty. I saw no cotton. Come on with your facts!—H. H. Gushee, Co. B, 33d Mass. Vol.

On Murfreesboro's Field.

Editor Camp Fire:—During the battle of Murfreesboro Col. R. K. Byrd, of the 1st Tenn. Inf., commanded the brigade. He sent our regiment out in front and had it dig intrenchments. Just before night he ordered us further on, and his regiment took possession of the ditches. After night came on, the enemy advanced upon us in force. We were lying down. Lieut. Col. J. M. Melton was in command of the regiment. When the advancing column had gotten near enough to suit him, in a stentorian voice he commanded us to rise to our feet. Sergt. Cross, of Co. G, thought the command was to retreat, and without waiting for confirmation, upon the impulse of the moment, sprang up, and started to the rear as fast as his legs could carry him. Maj. D. A. Carpenter took after him on his horse, caught him, and brought him back. After that the boys poked a good deal of fun at the sergeant by saying, "Rise to your feet!"

The enemy was repulsed with heavy losses. After the battle was over our command returned to Nashville. While here the weather turned bitterly cold, and there was much suffering among the soldiers. The brigade commissariat was on a hill, without a solitary thing to break the bleak winds, and it was here they seemed to suffer most. One night in particular seemed unendurable. Surely no one is hungry enough or roguishly enough inclined to brook that awful "Arctic wave" in order to forage for hard tack and sow-belly. So the officer of the guard went to Col. Byrd and assured him nothing would molest the supplies, and asked him to excuse the vidette—that he was about to freeze to death. The colonel replied: "My horse has to stand it, and they are no better than he is!"

He wanted to go to Congress at the close of the war, but this saying of his rose up to plague him and like Banquo's ghost, would not down at his bidding.—H. C., Co. G., 2d Tenn.

After Comrade Wells.

Editor Camp Fire:—In the Camp Fire of the Weekly Blade of December 14, J. H. Wells, of the 17th Ohio, states that he passed through thirteen battles, and did not hurt a man, for the reason that he broke off the ball and fired the blank. I want to ask Comrade Wells if he thinks he did his duty to his country and his fellow-comrades? In the first place, he wasted government property (which he subscribed a solemn oath to save and protect) outside of the use which it was intended for. In the second place, did he obey his superior officer, which he swore to do? If Comrade Wells caused one of his comrades to be killed, by the improper use of his powder and ball, who is responsible for the murder? In the third place, did Comrade Wells pay, clothing and rations of the government, thereby taking something for nothing? If he did, in the eyes of the law and the scripture he was a thief. In the fourth place, does Comrade Wells draw a pension? If he does it would be well to get Hoke Smith after him.—Co. D, 22d Illinois.

That Signal Light.

Editor Camp Fire:—While our regiment was in camp at Centerville, Va., in the fall of 1863, the guards had strict orders to look out for signal lights, as many were shown by the rebs in the surrounding country at the time. On one windy night quite a laughable incident occurred. One of the guards fired his gun and called out, "Signal lights!" creating quite a rumpus. The whole guard turned out, and on reaching the post found the guard, much excited, had dropped his gun and was capering around like wild for the reason the wind had blown the cape of his overcoat over his head in such a way he thought a reb had him, sure. The signal light proved to be a small portion of the moon peeping through a rift of clouds. Soon all was quiet on the Potomac, but it was some time before the question, "Who saw the signal lights?" was not asked. Would like to hear from New York boys.—H. B. S., Co. B, 111th N. Y. S. V.

Splinters.

We have a letter for Comrade C. C. Redick, who had a letter in a recent issue. Will he send his address by postal card to the editor of the Camp Fire, so we can forward it?

Comrade D. P., Co. A, 31st Ind., wonders "why it is that so many comrades voted the Democratic ticket when they know or should know by this time the party, as a party, is an enemy to the soldier." We think they have had a lesson in this regard which will prove to be well learned at the Congressional election in 1894.

Comrade J. R. Lathrop, Co. C, 2d Iowa, tells the following incident: "In March, 1865, in South Carolina, it rained about half the time we came to Lynch creek, which was four feet deep for three-fourths of a mile. We stripped, waded through, dressed, deployed, and went for the Johnnies. We drove them from the brush and then went into camp. This is my first. I would like to hear from some of the 2d Iowa boys."

Catarrh In The Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh oftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and effectually. 25 cents.

DIED IN THEIR TRACKS.

"What are you going to do Thanksgiving?"

"Oh, entertain a lot of company, eat and smoke, and eat some more, and feel like a fool the next day. That's the usual programme, isn't it?"

This was one answer.

"What are you going to do Thanksgiving?"

"Oh, spend the day at my mother-in-law's, eat a lot of stuff that I'm better off without, and talk to a lot of people that I don't care a snap of my finger for."

This was another answer.

"What are you going to do Thanksgiving?"

This to a hard-worked farmer's wife.

"Die, mebbe. I wish I could. What have I got to be thankful for? I've been cooking and slaving for a week, and after they have all gone home Thursday night they won't be a bit better off for coming, and I shall be a great deal worse off."

"Why make so many varieties of pies, and cakes and things?" one sensible friend asked her struggling and irascible neighbor.

"Because they expect it—that's why. Do you think I am going to have it said that I didn't set as good a table as my neighbors? Indeed, no. I'd die in my tracks first."

Our graveyards are full of women who have "died in their tracks."

Is it any wonder that so many people are sick and troubled when they live from such motives as these? It would scarcely be too much to say that no person ever knew the meaning or the feeling of health who was led to action by this spirit of envious competition.

Is it not possible to inaugurate a different way of spending this, one day of the year set apart by the government for universal thanksgiving? Wouldn't it be a good plan for women to stop dying in their tracks, and men cease from eating and drinking and smoking inordinately and feeling like fools the next day?

The Thanksgiving Day custom is a beautiful one, but it would be more honored in the breach than in its usual observance.

There is much to be thankful for, so much more than these poor cooks and caterers and eaters and revelers can ever understand if they do not stop long enough to find out this beautiful secret.

Let us have family gatherings and friendly parties by all means, if good cheer and harmony are to be attained. But not unless. Why not partake of food on Thanksgiving day that is easy to prepare, and not spend money which we cannot afford, and strength which we have not got, on feasts that are chiefly productive of care and pain?

Let us think about these things.

Why die in our tracks?—Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

—Take Rational Care of your Cold at Once, by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, and you will save much worry, and render less likely the development of a dangerous Throat or Lung Disease.

MEN'S WEDDING ATTIRE.

In the Morning, at 4 O'Clock, and for an Evening Occasion.

For 12 o'clock weddings, known as morning weddings, the double-breasted frock coat is correct; the tall hat being essential and the pearl-gray, undressed kids—which are recognized as the semi-formal glove. There is an ample boutonniere of violets or white carnations, and the neckwear is the four-in-hand tight-knotting with flowing ends; in design, a matter of selection; but safely in white silk background. The trousers should be of dark stripe in the fashionable trend and the collar a straight-up formal type, the ends meeting in front.

The afternoon, or 4 o'clock, wedding garb is usually varied with the semi-formal single-breasted, long-skirted fashionable cut-away frock. The tall hat and semi-formal pearl-gray, undressed-kid gloves—which are worn at all daytime functions are here the correct form; as is the boutoniere, told of above. The neckwear is more efficiently tied in the De Joinville knot—as it breaks the line of monotone of the single-breasted effect with the cross-fold of the scarfing. This is, of course, one of the finer distinctions; but the swells do it, and there is a reason for it, as for all the authentic foibles of fashion. The same straight-up collar is worn, and the trousers are as with the double-breasted frock.

The evening wedding requires evening dress. The fashionable shape of straight-up collar; a three-button plain bosom shirt, if a white waistcoat is worn. It should be the double-breasted, four-button; but the black cloth waistcoat of the evening suit is en regle. The white bawn cravat, only, is good form. No jewelry is shown, and the white boutonniere is most appropriate on such an occasion. The best gloves with gentlemen's evening dress are the pearl-white undressed kid, with narrow self-binding on the back. The patent leather gaiter, which looks more immaculate, is most frequently worn at evening functions.—Glothier and Furnisher.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Effect of Free Wool.

J. W. O., Moundsville, W. Va.: We import about 150 million pounds of wool per year. As to your question, "If raw wool were made free, would not the gain thereby to the consumer, in cheaper woolen goods, and the impetus given manufacturers by cheaper raw material, more than counterbalance the loss to American wool growers?" the answer certainly is "No." To show why this is so, we give the following, from Charles O. Newton, of Homer, N. Y., in the Rural New Yorker:

"To more fully inform myself, I went to a clothier and there weighed some cloths, as follows: Heavy woolen cloth for a winter suit weighed 5½ pounds; for summer suit, 3 pounds; the cloth for a pair of trousers, 1½ pounds; heavy all-wool undershirt or drawers weighed 14 ounces; light ones, 7 ounces; a pair of all-wool socks, 2 ounces. The worsted cloth for a woman's dress weighed 2½ pounds; the flannel for a child's dress, 1 pound; all-wool stockings for women or children, 2 to 4 ounces per pair; broadcloth for a full suit, 5 pounds. One yard of two-ply woven carpet weighed 1½ pounds. These are actual weights, including the whole cloth before it is cut to make up into garments, which in suits is nearly one-quarter more than goes into the made-up suit.

"Now, allowing the price for labor and the price for linings, trimmings and the materials that go to make up the finished suit or garments is to remained unchanged, how much is free wool going to cheapen woolen clothing? A laboring man once answered this question by saying one-half; another from $2 to $3. A man who wore a broadcloth $75-suit thought free wool would reduce the cost of his suit $15 to $20. I found that many have as vague, indefinite and incorrect ideas of the effect of free wool upon prices as these answers indicate. Now, what are the facts? The duty upon merino and other wools which are used in making cloth for clothing, dress-goods, underwear and hosiery, is 11 cents per pound, and upon coarser wools for carpets, 6 to 7 cents per pound. Now, with this fact before us, how much would the prices be changed or cheapened?

"Taking the weights given above, the difference on a heavy winter suit would be 60½ cents; on a light suit, 33 cents; on trousers, 16½ cents; on undershirt or drawers, from 4 to 6 cents; pair socks, 1 cent; woman's dress, 26 cents; child's flannel dress, 5½ cents; woman's or children's stockings, 1 to 2 cents per pair; broadcloth suit, 55 cents; 1 yard carpeting, 9 cents. These figures are based upon the supposition that all the cloths are made of wool only; but if the cloths have a mixture of cotton or shoddy, then these figures would all be less, according as there is more shoddy and less wool.

"Would this very slight difference in the cost of free-wool clothing induce the people to buy so much more as to cause great factories to spring up like magic, employing increased workmen enough to consume the extra amount of products which farmers, driven by free wool out of sheep raising, would have to grow to replace the losses caused by the annihilation of the sheep and wool industries? Would the small saving on woolen clothing be any compensation for the millions of loss that would accrue to the country by the destruction of 45,000,000 sheep and their product, which now give employment to hundreds of thousands? Ohio alone has more than 100,000 engaged in sheep industries. Would free wool enable our manufacturers to export large quantities of cloth to sell in markets where they would come in competition with those nations who have not only free wool, but low wages? The answer must be, "No!"

The Nicaragua Canal.

W. N., Spring Grove, Mo.: Between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 have been spent on the beginnings of the Nicaragua canal. It has been cut through to a length of at most one and a half miles. The first quarter of a mile of this has been widened to the set width of the canal from seventy-two to perhaps 250 feet—with the excavated earth thrown well away from the banks. Beyond this prism the canal has been excavated for a width of say 100 feet. The depth of all this excavation is 22 feet. Along the side of the narrow prism and across the country as far as the eye can see the land has been cleared of underbrush and trees, but so rapid is vegetation thereabouts that already—scarcely a year since this land was laid smooth—trees and shrubs are well up out of the ground, some of them ten feet high. There is now practically one mile of the canal work a prism a quarter of a mile long, 200 feet wide at the top, 12 feet deep and 150 feet wide at the bottom; a smaller prism 100 feet wide at the top, 12 feet deep and 75 feet wide at the bottom, and a partial clearing of the land.

Of course there has been much incidental work done—work quite as necessary as the canal itself—without which the canal waterway would be useless. Thus there must be a harbor at Greytown for deep water ships, and the Canal Construction company has made a genuine attempt in that direction in constructing two breakwaters of wooden spiles with cement filling, but the spiles in the long breakwater have already worked loose and will soon go by the board, and the smaller breakwater is also doomed, for the sea and the water is washed away that portion of it which connected with the main land of the lagoon.

There also is a railroad running parallel with the canal from its entrance back to a distance of fourteen miles. The wooden sleepers of the roadbed—a roadbed little more than a year old—have been so eaten into by the ants and small animals of the country and rotted by the wet that they are crumbling to such a degree that it is not considered safe to run the two locomotives of the company over the rails. These engines and several dirt cars are therefore left at this end of the line, where they must stay and eventually go to ruin.

An effort is making now to reorganize the company, enlist capital, and go on with the work.

Electing a President.

Margaret, Morning Sun, O.: The constitution of the United States provides that to elect a President, each state shall choose as many electors as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress. These may be chosen in any way the state legislature may provide. As a rule, they are elected by the people of the state on one general ticket. The electors thus chosen in each state shall meet at the state capital, and vote by ballot for President and Vice President. The result of their vote in each state is sent to Washington. On a day fixed by law, the Senate and House meet together, the President of the Senate opens the returns from all the states, and the vote is counted. The candidate for President having a majority of the whole number of the electoral votes is declared elected, and duly inaugurated on March 4 following. If no one has a majority the House of Representatives elects the President. The nomination of candidates for President by political conventions is a mere matter of custom, and is not provided for by law. Please note the Rules; only one question, please.

The Platform of 1864.

J. H. C., Columbia City, Ind.: The celebrated "war a failure" plank of the Democratic national platform of 1864, by the Chicago convention, which nominated McClellan for President, was as follows:

"Resolved, That this convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under pretense of a military necessity of a war power higher than the constitution, the constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the states, or other peaceable measures to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the federal union of the states."

Credit Strengthening Act of 1869.

J. S., Lyons, Kan.: The credit-strengthening act of March 18, 1869, declares that the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment in coin or its equivalent of all the obligations of the United States not bearing interest, known as United States notes, and of all the interest-bearing obligations of the United States, except in cases where the law authorizing the issue of any such obligation has expressly provided that the same may be paid in lawful money or other currency than gold and silver." It also pledged the faith of the United States "to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of United States notes in coin."

The Earth's Four Motions.

P. B., Reynolds, Idaho: The four motions of the earth are as follows:

1—Its daily rotation on its axis.

2—Its yearly motion around the sun.

3—A gyratory or conical motion of the axis, due to the varying attraction of the sun, moon and planets upon its spheroidal figure. This motion is exactly like the waving or nodding of a top which is spinning. The pole of the equator is thus made to shift its place, performing a complete revolution around the pole of the ecliptic in 25,868 years.

4—Its motion with the sun and whole solar system through space, around some central point.

Reconstruction.

W. R. P., Musselman's, O.: The rebel states were under direct military control until the passage of the reconstruction act. This divided the Southern states into military districts, each under a brigadier general, who was to preserve order and exercise all the functions of government until the citizens had formed a state government, ratified the war amendments to the constitution, and been admitted into the Union. Parson Brownlow was elected governor of Tennessee in 1865, when that state was reconstructed, and served two terms. He was not military governor.

The 53d Congress.

C. O. S., East Berkshire, Vt.: The United States Senate is made up as follows:

Democrats	44
Republicans	38
Farmers' Alliance and Populists	3
Vacancies	3
Total	88

The House is made up as follows:

Democrats	222
Republicans	126
Populists	8
Total	356

Penn's Charter.

In reply to the question of D. B. W., in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of December 7, G. J., Sherman Heights, Tenn., quotes from the Encyclopedia Britannica:

"It has finally to be mentioned that in 1780 the proprietary rights of Penn's descendants were bought up for a pension of £4,000 a year to the eldest male descendant by his second wife, and that this pension was commuted in 1884 for the sum of £67,000."

"In 1778 the old charter was formally annulled and the Penn Claims silenced by payment of £130,000."

Religious Views in Congress.

S. C. P., Springfield, Ill., wants to know all about the religious beliefs of the President, Senators and Representatives in Congress. The President attends a Presbyterian church, but is not, we think, a member. There is no way of getting the beliefs of the Senators and Representatives, except to ask each one personally. There is no record of such things, because it is no one's business. The constitution prohibits any religious test as a qualification for office, and each man is free to believe anything or nothing, as he sees fit.

Population of the World.

F. M. H., Ottumwa, Iowa: The population of the earth, according to the "Bevolkerung the Erde," is estimated as follows:

Europe	357,379,000
Asia	825,954,000
Africa	163,953,000
Australia	3,230,000
Oceanic islands	7,429,000
Polar regions	80,400
Total	1,479,729,400

Purchase of Louisiana.

C. E. B., Tolt, Wash., asks "the names of the commissioners sent to France by Jefferson to negotiate the purchase of Louisiana." The United States minister to France was Robert R. Livingston. James Monroe was sent as a special envoy; and the two successfully negotiated the purchase, of which Napoleon said: "I have given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

February.

B. R. Brandon, Wis.: The month of February was not in the calendar as devised by Romulus, the founder of Rome. Numa Pompilius added two months to the year, January and February. As the year had not enough days to give it the full number, it had to be content with 28.

That List of Governors.

An error in the list of governors of the states, recently published, was made by the compositor. The governor of Washington is John H. McGraw, Republican; of West Virginia, W. A. McCorkle, Democrat.

Miscellaneous.

T. W. M., Sarcoxie, Mo.: We have not the time.

P. G. D., Vacaville, Cal.: Cuttolene is made of cotton-seed oil.

J. C. C., Crum, Neb.: It would require more space than we can spare just now to answer your query.

J. H. B., Griggsville, Ill.: Ex-President Harrison entered the army in 18 2, and served until the end of the war.

Reader, Van Buren, Ind.: A list of senators, etc., would occupy more space in this department than we can spare just now.

E. J. D., Napoleon, O.: There is no way to do with a book that has been dropped into water, except to take it to a bindery and have it rebound.

C. M. M., Meslertown, Pa.: Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gifts to the University of Chicago amount to about $4,000,000. He and his brother William reside in New York.

E. L. R., Marionville, Mo.: A diamond cannot be melted, no more than can a stick of wood. It will burn, just like the latter, as it is simply a crystalline form of carbon.

E. S. H., Erwin, Tenn.: Of course it can only be estimated, but it is believed the total amount spent in the United Sates for liquors of all kinds amounts to fully $1,200,000,000 per year.

L. J., Lewiston, Idaho: Theosophy is a hodge-podge of old-world beliefs. Madame Blavatsky, and based to some extent upon Buddhism. Like other fads, it will run its course, and settle down into a small sect, akin to the spiritualists.

L. A. T., Addison, W. Va., says that Holmes's History of the United States says that "one of the principal governors of Virginia was removed from office for hog-stealing." Who can give his name and an account of the affair?

S. R., Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Yes, Germantown is a part of the city of Philadelphia, and its postoffice is a station of the Philadelphia postoffice. I is in Philadelphia county. The city of Philadelphia embraces the whole county. Why did you not ask this question at your own postoffice? They would have told you.

J. E. S., Drain, Ore.: The old English common law is the foundation of jurisprudence in the United States. The Roman law is the basis of all Europ an jurisprudence except the English. Sir William Blackstone was an eminent English jurist who wrote the "Commentaries on the Laws of England." He was born in 1723, and died in 1780.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Bron Discovery. Write to the Medical Advance, 67 East 9th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

SEEN AT THE STATIONERS.

Paper and envelopes of all hues are piled up in tempting array in the windows, but only the unsophisticated woman buys anything but cream white or blue. The brick reds and magentas, with designs in white and gold or bow-knots at the top, may be novel, but they are not nice. A sort of pepper-and-salt gray, which is also shown, is not in quite such bad taste, but it is not sensible, for neither jet black nor white ink will be very clear upon it.

Another style which may attract the woman who does not know any better, is brown paper, like chocolate and coffee color, embossed in silver. But this is not so perfectly correct as the blues and whites.

The blue paper is coming in every conceivable shade. Some of it is slightly mottled, but for the most part it is a plain, decided color, not very pale. The thick, unglazed linen, the glazed paper and thin "overlaid mail" come in these colors.

Writing paper is adorned either with a coat-of-arms, a monogram or an address stamped across the middle of the top. Silver on blue and dark blue or red on white are the favorite colors, though gold is also used, especially for monograms. A rather good effect is obtained when a sort of bronze enamel is used. The envelopes are always plain.

Little sheets of cream-colored paper, or rather, large cards, with gay Greenaway figures in the corner, are used to invite children to little parties.

Sealing-wax in all possible shades is displayed, but white for blue paper, dark blue or red for white, and black for mourning are the colors most used. Some pretty effects are obtained by using a sort of clear amber wax mottled with silver. Wax, by the way, is a necessity in these days of very insufficiently gummed envelopes.

Seals are of two sorts, either the single initial in old English lettering, or the monogram. As the former can be bought from a stock, and the latter have to be made to order, the latter are esteemed much more highly.

Perfect Baby Health

ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come. When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know *they are missing the life of food taken.* This loss is overcome by

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, a fat-food that builds up appetite and produces flesh at a rate that appears magical.

Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

The Sunday School.

The First Adam.

LESSON I., JANUARY 7, 1894.

Golden Text: So God created man in his own image.—Gen. 1:27.

LESSON TEXT.

(Gen. 1:26-31; 2:1-3.)

26. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

29. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed: to you it shall be for meat.

30. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

31. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

2:1. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

2. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

Illustrative Applications.

And God said, let us make man in our image (v. 26). There is but one God, yet God is more than one. God is more than many, more than all else. It is right, therefore, for God to say, "Let us make man." God's image is the image of perfectness. Man made in the image of God is, therefore, made in the highest and holiest image. If man had continued in the image in which he was made of God, he would have continued high and holy and perfect. To a restoration to that image man ought to aspire in his fallen state. There are vestiges of that image in man's nature, even as he appears in his present condition. One of Dr. Bushnell's famous sermons bears the suggestive title: "Dignity of Human Nature Shown from its Ruins."

Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. Dominion, or power, given into one's hands, carries with it responsibility for its use. Man has power over the lower animals, but he must not abuse his power; nor can he escape responsibility if he does abuse it. Man has no right to misuse, or to treat with unkindness, any animal committed to his charge. He has no right to give needless pain to a bird or a fish or a worm. His treatment of any one of these creatures must be the treatment that is consistent with his likeness to God—who is Love. He who hurts any animal, except in love, dishonors God who gave him his power over the animals, and who will hold him responsible for its use.

God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them (v. 27.) God is more than one; but man is less than one. God is plural even in his unity. Man is a fraction in his oneness. The masculine man is not a man apart from the feminine man. The man who was made in the image of God was made both "male and female." The man who is the "lord of creation" is man plus woman. Man masculine is not given dominion over man feminine, but man masculine and man feminine are, together, in their dual oneness, given dominion and power over whatever is below them.

God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good (v. 31.) If man could see God's works as God sees them, man could see more of goodness in them than he is now able to. It is because of man's limitations, and because of man's departure from God's likeness, that man sees so many flaws in God's works, and is so prompt to pass upon their defects. The nearer a man approaches to the image of God, the more of good can he see in the works and ways of God, and the less will he be inclined to see flaws and defects in them. The readier a man is to see evil in God's works, the fuller is the evidence that he is a fallen man.

There was evening and there was morning, the sixth day God's days begin with the evening. Darkness is before the light. Night precedes day. Sorrow comes before joy. There is comfort in this truth. Whatever is in the present, there are better things to come. When shadows and darkness are round us, we may look forward hopefully for the coming dawn. Even all of our earthly life is the evening, to be followed by the night and sleep of death. Then cometh the resurrection morning, and the eternal day has begun.

"Not first the bright, and after that the dark—
But first the dark, and after that the bright:
First the thick cloud, and the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection light."

On the seventh day God finished his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day (v. 2). Rest is as important in its place as work. He who works with a will can rest with a will. He who cannot rest at the proper time cannot work as he should at other times. There are men who never need special rest, because their work at all times is so much like rest. But rest is not to stand in the way of work. God finished his work which he was doing, before he rested from his work. When we can rest without neglecting our work, we can safely imitate God in his resting.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

For Impaired Vitality.

and weakened energy, is wonderfully successful.

Good Things to Know.

To make extract of lemon—Pare or grate off the yellow rind of the lemon. It is this yellow rind that contains the essential oil of the fruit. Be very careful to avoid the white underlying skin, which is very bitter, and would spoil the delicacy of the flavor. Put the grated rind in a bottle and cover it with alcohol or with simple syrup, or both, in equal parts; then cork the bottle close and let it stand for three weeks after which it is ready for use. If you wish it very strong, pour the same liquor over fresh peel and let it stand three weeks longer.

Peppers to be used for stuffing may be preserved in several ways, perhaps the following recipe is quite as good as any: Take a mixture same as above of red, green and yellow peppers, cut off the tops and remove the seeds, throw them into brine sufficiently strong to float an egg, and stand aside for 24 hours; then drain and wash them, put the peppers carefully into stone jars, sprinkle a layer of salt over each layer of peppers; when the jar is full put two or three cabbage leaves over the top, then a small saucer to keep them in the brine; stand in the cellar until needed. The day before you wish to use them take a sufficient number from the brine and soak them over night in cold water. They may then be stuffed with a mixture of meat and rice or rice and tomatoes.

The Ameer.

The Ameer is a man of presence, broad and stout, fair skinned, with black hair and beard, a good square head and piercing eyes. His highness' manner is dignified and courteous, but if occasion arises he can be exceedingly fierce. Not even his most powerful chief dare go near to him uninvited, nor dare he sit or speak in the Ameer's presence without permission.

Effect the Same.

"Poor Tom didn't get to take part in the football game, did he?"

"No, but he fell down the back stairs, and to-day you couldn't tell but what he had."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

IS IT ARTISTIC?

It is Said to Appeal to the Ardent Dress Reformer.

It was a gown that would delight the heart of a dress reformer, to say

APPEALS TO BOTH SCHOOLS.

nothing of an artist. It was of black silk, with a simple, rather full skirt, which is fastened on to a loose bodice. The bodice was made in surplice folds. The part about the neck was of pale blue gros grain silk, striped in pale yellow and pink satin. Then there were revers of black. A very loose girdle of the gathered type hid the joining skirt and bodice. This girdle was of the black silk embroidered in heavy gold thread. The sleeves were of the striped silk to the elbow, where they were met by a cuff of the gold embroidered black stuff.—New York World.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, Eng.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CALENDAR.

Do You Know When the End of the Century Will Come?

The year 1900 will not be a leap year, simply because, being a hundredth year, although it is divisible by 4, it is not divisible by 400 without a remainder. This is not the real reason, but a result of it: the real reason being the establishment of the Gregorian rule, made in 1582.

The nineteenth century will not end till midnight of Monday, December 31, 1900, although the old quarrel will probably again be renewed as to what constitutes a century, and when it winds up, and thousands will insist on a premature burial of the old century at midnight of December 31, 1899.

But, as a century means 100 years, and as the first century could not end till a full 100 years had passed, etc., it is not logically clear why the nineteenth century should be curtailed and broken off before we have had the full 1900 years.

The 1st of April and 1st of July in any year, and in leap year the 1st of January, fall on the same day of the week.

The 1st of September and the 1st of December in any year fall on the same day of the week.

The 1st of January and the 1st of October in any year fall on the same week day, except it be a leap year.

The 1st of February, of March and of November in any year fall on the same day of the week, unless it be a leap year, when January 1, April 1 and July 1 fall on the same week day. The 1st of May, 1st of June and 1st of August in any year never fall on the same week day, nor does any one of the three ever fall on the same week day on which any other month in the same year begins, except in leap year, and then only February and the 1st of August fall on the same week day.

To find out on what day of the week any date of this century fell: Divide the year by 4, and the remainder go. Add the quotient and the year together, then add three more. Divide the result by 7, and if the remainder is 0, March 1 of that year was Sunday; if 1, Monday; if 2, Tuesday, and so on.

For the last century, do the same thing, but add 4 instead of 3. For the next century add 2 instead.

It is needless to go beyond the next century, because its survivors will probably have some shorter method, and find out by simply touching a knob or letting a knob touch them.

Christmas day every year always falls on the same day of the week as the 24 of January of that year, unless it be a leap year, when it is the same week day as the 24 day of January of that year.

Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon that happens on or next after March 21. It is not easy to see how it can occur earlier than March 22 or later than April 28 in any one year.

New Year (January 1) will happen on Sunday but once more during this century; that will be in 1899. In the next century it will occur four times only, as follows: 1905, 1911, 1922, 1928, 1933, 1939, 1950, 1956, 1961, 1967, 1978, 1984, 1989 and 1995. The intervals are regular 6-5-6-11, 6-5-6-11, except in the interval which includes the hundredth year that is not a century, when there is a break—as 1893, 1899, 1905, 1911—when three intervals of six years come together after that plain sailing till 2001, when the old intervals will occur in regular order.—Boston Home Journal.

"JAY GOULD, ROBBER."

Discovery of an Interesting Inscription on a Ledger.

In one of the walls of a small waiting-room in the Western Union Building in New York is a sill that forms a shelf. On this shelf is a big ledger, probably a register for names. On the cover there is this inscription: "Jay Gould, Robber."

This book is old and has been there a long time. The letters have been cut into the cover with a knife in a scrawl not deep enough or wide enough to be glaring, but both deep and wide enough to be plainly visible to any one who looks at the book. It must have taken some little time to do the scrawling, for the lettering bears evidence of an unskilled rather than of a hasty hand. It was discovered by other lady by accident.

There are several clerks who look at that book a dozen times a day. No doubt scores of intimate friends of George and Edwin Gould have leaned upon it and have left a soiled cover while waiting for admission. George and Edwin Gould both come to that window many times in the course of each day, and they must have noticed that there was some sort of scrawl upon the cover, yet certainly but one of these has noted it. It would be interesting to know what is in that book and who is the author of the scraw

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1893.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 106,000

BE PATIENT!

We were nearly caught up with our orders for the "Nasby Letters" by last Saturday; but the presses and bindery took holiday on Christmas, of course, and we are a little behind-hand, as a result, in filling orders. In fact, the bindery can not quite keep up with the orders at their present rate.

Consequently, we must beg our friends to exercise a little patience. You will see by the change in the date on the red tag containing your name, that your order has been received. If the book does not arrive at the same time as the paper, don't jump to the conclusion that we have missed you, for we have not. The book will be along within a week, or at most, two weeks. We are sorry we can't fill all orders the day they are received, and will do the very best we can.

PLEASED WITH THE BOOK.

The readers of the Weekly Blade, who have already received their copies of the "Nasby Letters," are thoroughly pleased with the volume. Below we give some recent letters on the subject:

Elkton, S. D., Dec. 15.—Publishers Blade:—The "Nasby Letters" are received. I am very much pleased with them except the page 16; but as I saw in The Blade that all are printed that way, I will not say anything; but it is a very good book as a premium. Yours respectfully,
CHARLES CARLSON.

Leavittsville, O., Dec. 21.—Publishers Blade:—I received the "Nasby Letters" all right, and am very much pleased with them. The book would make a valuable addition to any library. Your respectfully,
ALBERT R. DAVIS.

North Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 22.—Publishers Blade:—Yesterday I received a copy of the "Nasby Letters," and I am more than pleased with them. I think they are worth two years' subscription.
A. S. PETTINGER.

Elm Creek, Neb., Dec. 23.—Publishers Blade:—Book received containing the "Nasby Letters." I am very well pleased with the same. Please accept my thanks. Yours very truly,
MRS. THOMAS EVANS.

OF GREAT INTEREST.

The Pittsburg Times has this to say about The Blade's new serial story:

"The opening chapters of 'A Fair Virginian,' a serial written by David Lorry, of Pittsburg, and printed by the Toledo Blade, will interest Pittsburgers. A historical incident is portrayed in a dramatic manner—the protest of our citizens against the removal of cannon from Allegheny arsenal to the South. All references to historical personages (prominent Pennsylvanians and Virginians) and the first battle of Bull Run, around which interest centers, are historically accurate."

THE SADDLE OUT OF DATE.

It is with a feeling of deepest regret that the romantic school of novelists in daily life sees the saddle go out of politics as an issue and a power. We refer particularly to the case of that rough rebel rider, whose plume, like that of Henry of Navarre, always waved in the front rank of retreat, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who, up to the last few days, preserved both the Walter Scott as well as the Don Quixote tinge to the hardened cheek of politics. No one ever thought of Fitz except in a saddle, and in late years it had been the saddle of his uncle, Robert E. Lee, around which the sacred ties of memory clustered, and which was the principal stock in trade of this frescoed warrior. Astride of this saddle, Fitz could lower his political lance and win every tourney. People voted for the rawhide saddle against the earth. But the day has passed. The knight is down. Cervantes has ridiculed it to its grave. A serf-villain has unhorsed the noble. Lee was defeated; Lee, the F. F. V., who came down as a last relic of the chivalric brigadier—and by a man who has in times past earned his bread by the sweat of his brow and his brain. Mr. Martin, plain, plebeian Martin, has whipped the saddle, roan horse, rider and all, and will sit in the Senate as the duly elected representative of Virginia. The saddle of a rebel general is no longer a living issue; it is a part of the dead past.

The House committee on Banks and Banking voted on the proposition to report a bill for the unconditional repeal of the 10 per cent. tax on the circulation of state banks. The proposition was lost, as the vote was a tie—6 to 6. The six members who voted for unconditional repeal all came from the South. The six who voted against unconditional repeal included, besides three Republicans, Chairman Springer himself. This points to conditional repeal, so far as the committee is concerned.

The Chicago Times is rock-ribbed in its Democracy, but it attacks Cleveland as a stock-jobber in the following paragraph:

How did Cleveland come to be worth $2,000,000 in eight years? A man who on his merits never made a dollar and never will. On what bush did Cleveland find those millions growing? What law practice, or what other business bore those Cleveland millions to the waiting Cleveland pocket? I'll tell you: Every dollar save the incubated Red Top $100,000, which were hatched from snobbish eggs in a nest of real estate; every other dollar, I say, of the Cleveland millions represents the heart beat of a stock ticker.

The programme of the free trade leaders in the House of Representatives is to rush the Wilson bill through under whip and spur. When it reaches the Senate, however, a full and fair discussion can not be prevented, and the people will be given a clear understanding of its iniquities.

The Populists of Alabama have decided to put up a ticket in the coming state campaign, and do their best to capture the state government from the Democrats.

The people of the United States are certainly finding out that the predictions of evil to follow Democratic supremacy in the nation were founded in truth.

THE SALOON A NUISANCE.

The Supreme Court of the State of Indiana has rendered a decision which is a great victory against the saloon as an institution, and one which will encourage the friends of temperance everywhere to carry cases, on the same grounds, to the courts of last resort in their own states, to obtain decisions of similar import. The facts regarding this decision are as follows:

In 1891, John Stehlin, a saloon-keeper, built a block, in which he opened a saloon, duly licensed, adjacent to the residence of Mrs. Mary Haggard, on College avenue, Indianapolis, which is a street of private residences. Mrs. Haggard brought suit in the Circuit Court to recover damages, on the ground that the saloon was a nuisance and depreciated the value of her property. Stehlin's defense was that his business was a legally authorized one, and that he could be subjected to damages only if he kept a disreputable or disorderly house; otherwise he could not be responsible for any incidental damage. The court found for the defendant. Then Mrs. Haggard appealed to the Supreme Court, which affirmed the decision. But she got a rehearing before the latter court, which has just decided in her favor, and this decision is final.

In this decision, the Supreme court holds that the liquor traffic is immoral, and on this account is restricted by a license for the protection of citizens; that it was not the purpose of the legislature in enacting the license law to confer the right to injure the property of any citizen; that the evidence in this case showed that the saloon was a common nuisance, in that it damaged private interests without at the same time conferring any benefit on the public. The fact that the saloon had been licensed and that the owner paid his fees into the public treasury did not affect the rights of private persons who were injured by the maintenance of a common nuisance. The saloon could show no public justification for its existence, and it was shown that it damaged the people in the vicinity of whose homes it was erected. And, finally, the court held that a saloon which lessens the value of property is a nuisance at law, and can be abated as a nuisance, and that the person whose property is injured by it can recover damages from the keeper to the full amount of the injury inflicted.

The effort of this decision will be to banish the saloons from the residence sections of all cities and towns in Indiana, if the neighboring property-owners bring suits for damages against the proprietors. If it were followed up in every other state of the Union, it would drive them all into the business districts, or force their keepers to close up. As the business section of every city already has as many saloons as can find profitable patronage, it is certain that a large number of them would have to close up. Thus the progress of public sentiment has brought within the power of the people another means wherewith to wage the conflict to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A TIN HORN ISSUE.

The Republican postmaster of Indianapolis is charged with blowing a tin horn, and his removal because thereof is asked by the hungry Democrats of that city. The blowing of a tin horn is not a crime; and while one may mildly wonder that the gentleman in question is enamored of its strident and ear-splitting notes, the wonder ceases when the Midway Plaisance is recalled, and the evident delight the untutored sons of tropic climes took in "music" of a similar grade. The ear of the postmaster may be a reversion to a primitive ancestral type; a case of atavism, in fact. This may be unfortunate for the postmaster's neighbors if he is in the habit of practicing on his favorite instrument in the seclusion of his home; but his removal from the post-office will certainly not effect a change in this. On the contrary, it would give him more leisure for cacophonous practice, and intensify the misery of the neighborhood. The specific allegation is that he was one of a jollifying crowd on the night of the November election, and expressed his joy in the magnitude of the majority achieved by McKinley in Ohio by a public exposition of his proficiency on his favorite instrument. But we can not see that a practice which is freely permitted to the small boy on election nights should be magnified into a crime when indulged in by a postmaster. His barbaric musical taste may be disliked by the Indianapolis Democrats, but we can see no reason why that dislike should compel his removal, especially as he is admitted to discharge his official duties faithfully and well—and further, as he does not indulge in musical practice during office hours.

The current issue of the Railway Age has an article on "Our Insolvent Railway Companies." It gives a list of 123 railways, with 33,195 miles of road, which are now insolvent, of which 71 have gone into receivers' hands within the past twelvemonth. No stronger testimony to the stagnation of business during the second half of 1893 can be given than the fact that 71 railways have become insolvent in that time.

In Germany there is, if a trial is to last several days, a thirteenth juror chosen, and in case the session in the case is apt to reach a week or more, a fourteenth. These extra jurors do not sit in the box, but very close to the regularly impanelled jury. In case one of the regulars is ill, an "extra" takes his place, and the trial proceeds. There is no halt as in the Meyer case last week. Our jury system may be improved.

Gresham's grudge against Harrison is still unsatisfied. The attempt to "get back" at the ex-President through the restoration of Queen Lilluokalani was a dire failure.

There is a fierce protest against the Wilson idea of an increased tax on playing cards. Texas will leave the Democratic party in a body.

The Wilson bill is a "force" bill. It forces idleness upon American workingmen, and forces our industries to the wall.

A majority of 1,220 out of 227,307 votes cast is Chicago's "vote of confidence" in Mr. Cleveland.

ExMinister Stevens is a little older than Mr. Cleveland both in years and sense.

Will Mr. Hopkins, of Chicago, be a Presidential quantity?

Democracy and deficiency are synonyms.

PROF. WILSON'S REPORT.

The report of Chairman Wilson's "cellar committee," composed of the Democratic member of the Ways and Means committee, is a singular document. It is made up of three things in varying proportions—a general description of the Wilson bill, a free trade stump speech, and predictions of the millennium which is to follow the passage of the Wilson bill. The stump speech has the largest share, of course. The committee has been so torn up in its alleged mind by the protests of industrial workers whose occupation and wages are threatened by this odious measure, that Mr. Wilson and his confreres apparently deem it necessary to rehash the sophistries of the Cobden school of economists in the vain hope of warding off these attacks. But windy eloquence is a poor substitute for food, and the moonshine theories of that backwoods college tutor, Professor Wilson, will not put wages in empty pockets.

This whilom professor's stump speech begins with the statement that "the power of taxation has no lawful or constitutional exercise except for providing revenue for the support of the government." This is not true. Confining the discussion to our own country, it was a decision by a Democratic Supreme Court of the United States that "the power to tax is the power to prohibit;" and the taxing power has been exercised ever since the beginning of our constitutional government not only to raise revenue, but to do other things at the same time. The second law enacted by the First Congress was for the purpose of protecting the industries of the United States, and the statement so made its title. It was a tariff law—designed not only to provide revenue, but at the same time to foster our industries. Does Professor Wilson and his free trade coterie assume to know more of the meaning of the federal constitution than the members of the First Congress, a large number of whom had been members of the convention which prepared the constitution itself?

It has always been the accepted doctrine that the way for a nation to become wealthy and prosperous is to develop its own resources, and produce within its own borders everything which it is possible to raise or manufacture there. Professor Wilson and his committee take the opposite view. According to them, the way to be prosperous is to buy everything abroad that we can. Unmindful of the fact that the United States is one of the greatest producers of raw materials in the world, they say "the first step towards a reform of the tariff should be a release from taxes on the materials of industry." Now, the main—almost the only—factor in the cost of raw materials is the price of the labor required to get it into shape to use. Iron ore in the mine, for example, has very little actual value until it is dug out and gotten ready for the furnace; and the principal part of its cost is the price of the labor which does this. Why should we go abroad to buy raw materials which he can produce ourselves in abundance? "To get them cheaper," is the reply. Why are they cheaper? To this question there is but one reply possible; because labor is cheaper abroad. Then it follows, as certainly as night follows day, that the miners, the wool-growers, the vast number of men employed in the production of raw material shall be thrown out of work, or accept remuneration scaled down to the foreign rate.

This brings us to the one subject which this report evades—the result of the Wilson bill on the millions of workingmen in the country. It admits that the revenue will be seriously reduced at first, but argues that there will be such "an enlargement of commerce" as will speedily bring it up to the required amount. How will this increase of commerce be brought about, which, at reduced duties, will produce enough revenue? Only by an increase in the importation of manufactured goods. The more of these we import, certainly the less we will manufacture; and the less work there will be for our workingmen. And to compete with products made by men working at wages admittedly far lower than our present wage-scale, our manufacturers must therefore get their labor at a correspondingly low rate. Hence a general reduction of wages in this country must follow. This is the point Prof. Wilson passes over in silence.

The Wilson bill means enforced idleness to tens of thousands, and lower wages to those who are employed. This will diminish the purchasing ability of our people. It means that the masses of the American people must go to a lower scale of living. They must perforce give up what Mr. Blaine happily characterized as the "comforts" of life, and be content with the bare necessaries of existence. Of what avail is it to a man to have blankets selling a dollar a pair cheaper than now, if his wages are so reduced that he has not the price to pay for them? Prof. Wilson invites the people to a Barmecide feast. He promises that they can buy things cheaper, but takes away the means of buying.

Similarly deceptive are his promises to the farmers. He tells them they can exchange their surplus products, which are obliged to find a market abroad, for more of the articles they need. But at the same time he diminishes the market at home for their products, by diminishing the purchasing power of the masses here who consume the bulk of our farm products—for 90 per cent of all our agricultural products are consumed at home, and only 10 per cent of surplus has to seek a foreign market. That surplus will thus be increased, and it is beyond the power of Prof. Wilson, or that of Congress, to enlarge his market abroad. No law of ours can reduce the duty he must pay to get his products past the custom houses of foreign countries. He must compete with cotton raised by fellah labor in Egypt, with wheat raised by coolie labor in India—and in both countries a few cents a day is liberal wages. Free binding twine, free cotton bagging, free agricultural implements and free cotton ties are all the Wilson bill offers in exchange.

It begins to look as though the deceived, misled masses of the American people will learn the fallacy of the low tariff theory, as applied to the United States, in the dear school of actual experience. Like the Israelites of old, they have gone after strange gods, and brought upon themselves judgment for their folly. The conditions now existing, of a million or more unemployed men, and thrice that number of pinched and suffering women and children, has never been seen in this country since the winter following the low tariff of 1857, which Prof. Wilson's report has the audacity to laud to the skies! A year of this experience will bring the people to their senses, and the deceived and disgusted voters will break the power of Democracy by the election of a Republican Congress next fall.

THE HAWAIIAN STATUS.

There is but one point in dispute in the Hawaiian matter. The Cleveland administration claims that the revolution which dethroned the queen was the product of a conspiracy in which Minister Stevens took a leading part; this is denied by the ex-minister and the advocates of the provisional government. Without attempting to find which side maintains the truth, let us ask: Granting the hypothesis claimed by the President, what should the United States government do?

Two wrongs never made one right. One unjust interference (if we admit it) will not justify a second unjust interference—this time with the Hawaiian government now existing. The revolution of January last is beyond remedy at our hands. It could only be done by an act of war; and for Congress to interfere by force of arms to restore the deposed queen would be an offense enormously greater than that with which Stevens is charged, and entirely out of line with the foreign policy of this government.

The revolutionary government asked for annexation to the United States, or for the establishment of a protectorate over the islands. These overtures being rejected by President Cleveland, there is but one course open to us—to let the Hawaiians settle their own domestic affairs. We have no just right to interfere. Congress will do wisely to take no step whatever in the matter; and public opinion will not support any attempt at interference.

MR. STEVENS TALKS BACK.

The reply of Mr. Stevens, ex-minister to Hawaii, to the attacks made upon him by Cleveland in his special message to Congress, is couched in extremely plain language. He expresses his opinion of the attempt to reinstate the monarchy without reserve, and it is one which coincides with the judgment of the mass of the American people. He raises a direct issue of fact with the President, and shows very clearly that many of the assumptions of the latter as to Stevens's official acts are entirely without foundation. Cleveland adopted Blount's statement as true, when in fact they were obtained by the latter from the adherents of the deposed queen, who either used him for their own ends, or else aided him in trumping up a case against the ex-minister. There is not the smallest doubt that Congress will refuse to join the Cleveland-Gresham conspiracy to overthrow the privisional government of Hawaii, and in this refusal Mr. Stevens will find his own vindication.

WILLIS TO BE SENT HOME.

The Hawaiian government, it appears, intends to take a hand in the closing scenes of Mr. Cleveland's drama of "Royalty Restored," and bring down the curtain on the most inglorious fizzle that has ever disgraced American annals. As soon as President Dole receives official information that Minister Willis, while duly accredited to the provisional government, had instructions to attempt its subversion, he will give Mr. Willis his passports, and demand that he shall instantly leave Hawaii, as a "persona non grata" to the government.

This step can not be taken until the exact instructions sent Minister Willis are received in Honolulu. They will be received by steamer from Auckland, which is the first that will reach the islands after the transmission of the documents in the Hawaiian matter to Congress. Consequently the dismissal of Mr. Willis will occur in the early days of the new year, and the President's "Hawaiian policy" become the laughing stock of nations.

WHERE THEY LIVE.

It would seem that when a measure of the highest importance, like a tariff bill, is to be prepared, the work should be placed in the hands of men who are thoroughly conversant with the vast industrial interests which it will affect. Yet not one Democratic member of the Ways and Means committee, which drafted the Wilson bill, lives in a manufacturing town. Chairman Wilson, from whom the bill takes its name, lives in the little town of Charleston, West Virginia. Breckenridge is from Pine Bluff, Ark.; McMillin from Carthage, Tenn.; Montgomery from Elizabethtown, Ky., and Turner from Quitman, Ga. These places are all destitute of manufacturing interests of any importance whatever. The men who have elaborated the most important piece of legislation the country has had for years, if measured by the effect it will have upon millions of American toilers, are not familiar with any of our great productive industries, save agriculture. They have simply framed their theories into a statute, apparently blindly indifferent to the ruinous nature of the measure when it goes into operation.

The government cannot ignore the horrible deed of the Mojave Indians, in burning a woman at the stake. The crime is probably no worse than that of incinerating a negro in Texas or Kentucky, but the United States government and not a Southern state is to deal with this matter. It is a crime so heinous that no punishment can be ample, but the Mojave Indians should at least be taught that punishment by death follows this or similar acts.

President M. E. Ingalls, of the Big Four Railroad Company, is one of the most prominent Democrats in Cincinnati; but when he was asked the other day when he anticipated the revival of business, he answered;

When these foolish Democrats throw the tariff bills under the table, or modify them to such an extent that our industries can safely resume operations. This is no season of the year to meddle with tariffs.

No Democrat dare hereafter say a word about the "salary grab." The House the other day voted the members $180,000 extra mileage, $46,000 for stationery and $25,000 for an extra month's salary of House and Senate employes, or a total of $251,000. It is a vile little steal, worse than anything ever before recorded of Congress.

Talking about the reduction in wages, do you know that a reduction of only 10 per cent in the wages paid in this country means a loss to the wage-earners of one thousand million dollars in one year? A general reduction of wages is thus a national misfortune; and the Wilson bill means such a reduction.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the fifth page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

THE MINORITY REPORT.

The report of the minority of the Ways and Means committee is a bit of incisive protest against the enactment of the Wilson bill. It shows up the weakness and insufficiency and injustice of that measure; and certainly the showing thus made—a showing which can not be denied or explained away—should prompt the masses of the American people to protest en masse against its enactment into law.

It shows that while the Wilson bill is necessarily a measure to provide revenue for the government, it fails utterly to make adequate provision therefor. It is admitted that it will not produce sufficient revenue by from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 per year. If it be passed, Congress will be compelled to prepare some method of meeting this deficit. The proposition is, to increase internal revenue taxation; but the point is well taken in the minority report that the internal revenue provisions should be part of this bill, that the revenue measures may be considered as a whole.

It is also clearly shown that the Wilson bill does not carry out the pledges of the national Democratic platform. That document declared protection to be unconstitutional, and promised a tariff for revenue only. The Wilson bill does not get rid of protection, nor does it provide a purely revenue tariff. It cuts and slashes without rhyme or reason, and excuses its hodge-podge of protection, semi-protection and free trade by arguing that it will disturb business too much to cut duties down at once to a purely revenue basis.

This statement shows the utterly impractical ideas of the men who prepared the measure. The one thing vital to industrial and business prosperity is permanency of all legal provisions affecting it. To tear up things, as the Wilson bill will, and promise that the tearing-up shall be repeated every year or two until the duties are brought entirely below the protective point, means a permanent crippling of all industries so affected. The wise, the honest, the business-like way, would be to report a bill on a purely revenue basis, and let the business of the country adopt itself thereto without loss of time, instead of making the stagnation and uncertainty extend over a series of years.

Again, this plan, as the minority report shows, would enable the people to come to an intelligent judgment between the two great tariff systems. They have had the protective system; now let them try the tariff-for-revenue-only system. The Wilson bill will not enable them to judge intelligently. It will prolong the tariff agitation for an indefinite term of years, when every material interest of the country—our manufactures, our agriculture, our commerce, and, more than all, the welfare of the working masses, demand its settlement at the earliest possible date.

EFFECT OF THE WILSON BILL.

The following is a very graphic picture of the distress prevailing in one of the Pittsburg manufacturing districts, and which Professor Wilson's tariff bill, if allowed to pass, will make perpetual. It is an extract from a Pittsburg letter to the New York Tribune:

As for the destitution, the Soho district, which is entirely dependent upon the manufacture of iron and steel, is a pretty fair sample of the conditions among workmen in industries which Mr. Wilson does not want to protect. The sombre appearance of the idle mills along Second avenue in Soho is in itself sufficient to impress a stranger. There are the evidences of great industry. The destitution in the Soho district became so painful that about a month ago several members of the local lodge of the Amalgamated association of Iron and Steel Workers, themselves sufferers, organized a relief committee to tramp about Pittsburg and visit the storekeepers in search of food, clothing and fuel. These poor fellows, themselves, hungry, tramp about all day and return in the evening to their headquarters, a room in a two-story frame shanty on Second avenue, where an eager throng waits patiently for hours, not knowing how soon the committee will return. Little children in their bare feet, the sight of which moves sturdy iron-workers to tears, is a portion of this daily panorama of distress. The committeemen did not seek money. Food, fuel and clothing are all they ask. A rumor the other afternoon that fifty (half-size) sacks of flour were to be given out in addition to the daily gatherings of the committeemen proved happily true and was the cause of an extra large outpouring of the inhabitants.

The cholera appears to have a firm foothold in St. Petersburg. There are a number of deaths daily from it, and the outlook is that the pestilence will become very active as soon as the warm weather comes.

This week the members of Congress who are spending the holidays at home should be thoroughly informed by their constituents as to their duty to defeat the Wilson bill.

LIFE IN HAWAII.

Son: Pap, whats yo buryin mam fo?
Pap: Gift to de Gods, mah son.
Son: Whats yo got agin de Gods?

WAITE'S FOOLISHNESS.

Governor Waite, of Colorado, has at last issued a proclamation convening the state legislature in extraordinary session. He names a long list of subjects on which he thinks legislation should be had, the leading one being the passage of a law providing that "all silver dollars, domestic and foreign, containing not less than 351 1-4 grains of fine silver, shall be legal tender for all debts collectible in Colorado."

It is singular that the governor of a state should be so ignorant as not to know that such a law would be in conflict with the constitution of the United States, so far as foreign coin is concerned. Our own silver dollars are already a full legal tender in any sum anywhere in the United States. As to foreign coin, the United States Statutes declare that no foreign gold or silver coin shall be a legal tender in the United States; and this provision is paramount, under the second section of Article VI of the federal constitution, which declares that "this constitution, and the laws of the United States • • • shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution OR LAWS of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

Consequently, even if the Colorado legislature were foolish enough to pass such a law, it could not be enforced as to foreign coin. Another of his recommendations is equally foolish. It is, that a law shall be passed forbidding the making of any obligation payable in gold. Such a law could not be enforced in the courts, as it is a clear violation of private rights, and has been so decided by the Supreme court of the United States. We are glad to find that the great mass of the people of Colorado are opposed to the extra session of the legislature, as well as to the governor's recommendations; and it is to be hoped that body will promptly sit down on the governor's wild and impracticable schemes.

CHICAGO'S POLITICAL CHANGE.

On the face of the returns John Hopkins, Democrat, is elected mayor of Chicago by less than a thousand. The Republicans announce that this result will be contested, but no doubt the result will be to give the chair to Mr Hopkins by an extremely narrow margin. Whether this margin was or was not secured by fraud, it is so small compared with the pluralities given for Grover Cleveland in 1892, or Carter Harrison early in the spring of 1893, as to indicate a great revolution in public sentiment Grover Cleveland carried Chicago by 35,000 plurality. Carter Harrison carried Chicago, with all the press of the city against him, by 19,100.

This last battle was a square fight. It was between a Democrat and a Republican. The discussion on the Republican side was of national affairs principally. Chicago has felt the crushing effect of the Wilson and Cleveland policy as have all Western cities.

And the workingmen voted against the Democratic candidate enough to change a 35,000 plurality into a bare margin—no doubt fraudulent—of less than a thousand. This is a remarkable change. Following so close upon the heels of the victories last fall, it is a still greater rebuke to the policy of the Cleveland administration. It is a protest greater than any petition against the assault upon American industries going on in Congress, with the full and hearty sanction of the president. On the very day that Chicago was so protesting, the majority of the ways and means committee was telling Congress and the world the glories to come from the Wilson bill as a law. It is only to be regretted that all Democratic states and cities could not vote at once, and show the feelings of the country as has Chicago.

Mr. Cleveland, in his special message, dilates at length upon the "haste" with which the provisional government of Hawaii was recognized by the United States minister. He does not mention the fact that the other foreign ministers at Honolulu were just as prompt as Minister Stevens to recognize it. And if that government were set up through the assistance of United States marines, why did not the representatives of other governments enter a protest?

Here is another fall-down in an administration bluff. Admiral Stanton, recalled with such a flourish of trumpets from Brazil, has been reinstated and given command of a squadron. If Stanton were guilty enough to be ordered home, he ought not to have been reinstated. This is one more instance of the "act-in-haste-and-repent-at-leisure" policy of the administration.

Mayor-elect Hopkins, of Chicago, hails from Buffalo. Wasn't there another man who grew into public prominence a few years ago from that same town? We'll cable Queen Lil for his name at once. She knows, if anybody does.

The bill for a bridge across the Hudson between New York and Jersey City has passed both houses of Congress. So the way is open for the construction of what will be the world's greatest bridge structure.

Mr. Gladstone should not sneer at Secretary Tracy. The Grand Old Man is not so grand that he can afford to lose the admiration of the people on this side of the Atlantic by pooh! poohing! our White Squadron.

"History distorted at low prices," is Mr. Cleveland's latest sign.

TO ALL OLD SOLDIERS.

We are just completing arrangements for one of the most remarkable features ever given the readers of The Blade. It will be of the greatest possible interest to every old soldier, and the children of soldiers. It will begin in the Weekly Blade early in January, and will we are sure create a genuine sensation. Further announcements will be made as the details of the plan are completed.

SECRETARY CARLISLE'S REPORT.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury is unusually important as indicating the financial policy which the administration desires to pursue. It shows that the deficit for the first five months of the present fiscal year—up to December 1—was almost $20,000,000. To make up this deficiency, and what will further be created before the revenues can be raised to the level of expenditures, he has nothing better to recommend than a resort to the familiar Democratic expedient of going into debt. He asks authority to increase the bonded debt to meet treasury requirements, up to $200,000,000, and prefers bonds of $25 and upward bearing 3 per cent. interest, and redeemable at the option of the government after five years.

As to silver, Mr. Carlisle does not favor any further legislation, save authority to coin all the bullion purchased under the Sherman law. It will take five years to accomplish this, and he informs Congress that he has ordered the mints at San Francisco and New Orleans to be made ready for work, and the bullion prepared for shipment, as soon as the legal authority shall be given by Congress.

He also wants to enlarge the use of silver certificates; and recommends that these certificates—which, it must be borne in mind, are mere certificates of deposit, representing silver dollars held in the Treasury for their redemption, and not the notes issued under the Sherman law for the purchase of bullion—in denominations less than ten dollars be substituted for greenbacks, the Treasury notes of 1890, and national bank notes of these small denominations.

The most important part of the report is the recommendation for additional internal revenue taxation. He proposes to increase the whisky tax by ten cents a gallon; to increase the internal revenue tax on cigars and cigarettes; to put a stamp tax on playing cards, cosmetics and perfumeries; to tax legacies and successions; and to tax all incomes derived from investments in stocks and bonds of corporations and joint stock companies.

As will be seen, there is but little that is new. The recommendations he makes have all been discussed by the public press, and they will thus create but little sensation. And they are of less weight because each and every one of them is known to have opposition among the Democrats in Congress, and whether any of them will be adopted is a matter of some doubt.

The Democratic organs are strenuously arguing that the substitution of ad valorem for specific duties by the Wilson bill is an eminently wise provision. Arguing on purely theoretical grounds—as all free traders do—they make a tolerable showing. But how different do these things appear in the light of experience! The drug trade of New York is up in arms against ad valorem duties for drugs. This provision will put high grade drugs entirely out of the reach of the people. They say specific duties, as a matter of record, invariably favor the importation of the better and best qualities, whereas ad valorem duties just as certainly will promote the traffic in inferior and poor grades of goods. And it is so in other lines of business. "Cheap and nasty" goods will be imported, because the duties will be less.

The workingmen of Eastern industrial centers are holding mass-meetings to protest against the ruin of American industry and the beggary of the American toiler through the Wilson bill. Within a few days, such meetings have been held in Troy, in Yonkers, in Amsterdam, N. Y., in Newark, N. J., and in Kensington, the great manufacturing district of Philadelphia. The plan is one that should be followed in every center of American industry.

Hornblower has had thirteen cases in the federal courts. Of these he won three and lost ten. That is good enough record for Mr. Cleveland to sympathize with.

The "cuckoo" policy of the Democrats in Congress, who sneeze every time Cleveland takes snuff, is awakening disgust among the masses of the people.

These 10 per cent cuts in wages in Connecticut are not hopeful for a Democratic majority there next fall.

Chicago will send Republican Representatives to Congress next fall.

The next President of the United States should be a patriot.

It is funny that Queen Lil, being a woman, isn't saying a word.

The bill for the annexation of Utah to Nevada should pass.

The Wilson bill is a crime against the American people.

President Dole is still holding his job.

Smash the infamous Wilson bill!

Leave the tariff alone!

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Sixty-eight Mary Smiths are students this year in Smith College, New York.

The house of Rothschild has made its annual gift of 100,000 francs to assist the tenants in Paris who are in difficulties over their rent.

Vice-President Stevenson will deliver the annual address before the New York State Bar association, to be held in the Senate chamber, Albany, Jan. 17.

Edward Barron, the San Francisco mining man who died a few days ago, landed in California at the age of 20 with 10 cents. He died worth $2,000,000.

It is feared that Princess Maud of Wales will ultimately lose her hearing. Her mother, the Princess of Wales, is almost totally deaf, and the trouble is hereditary.

Rev. Joseph J. White, of Williamsburg, N. Y., who died last week, had married over 8,000 couples during his pastorate. He was born in Cavendish, Vt., and he and his six brothers all became Methodist ministers.

Bishop Daniel Alexander Payne, D. D., LL. D., who died recently at Wilberforce, Ohio, was the oldest Methodist bishop the world has ever known, either in point of age or in term of office. He was born in Charleston, S. C., Feb. 24, 1811.

The marble bust of Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, made by R. C. Brooks, of Concord, at the order of some of the governor's friends, has arrived in Boston from Paris. It is life size, and is to be placed in a niche at the state house.

Representative Barnes Compton, of Maryland, has been confined to his room at Washington for the last ten days. His illness is rather serious and has necessitated two surgical operations. It is not thought that he will be able to attend the sessions before the holidays.

G. Watanbe, of the Imperial Bank of Japan, and G. Nagasaki, of the Yokohoma Specie Bank, are in Denver, Col., visiting the smelters in that vicinity. They expect to be in Washington this winter for the purpose of acquainting themselves more familiarly with our national banking system.

Alphonse Daudet's thorn in the flesh is the letter writer. No novelist, he declares, can be so pestered by unknown correspondents as he is. Women and young girls are the chief delinquents, their object in writing being to get him to use them as heroines in his next novel. They invariably inclose photographs.

The nomination of Professor Story as moderator of the next general assembly of Scotland has caused Rev. Jacob Primmer to hurl at him an anathema in which he declares the nomination to be "a deliberate insult to the people of Scotland and to the Almighty himself." Professor Story has outraged Mr. Primmer's sense of propriety by frequenting places of amusement.

In a little coffin about fifteen inches long the heart and other portions of the body of a man, whose disgrace and suicide last year brought about the overthrow of a cabinet, issued forth from the morgue in Paris a few days ago on its way to the Pere la Chaise cemetery. They were the remains of Baron de Reinach, who in the heyday of his power was one of the financial magnates of Europe, controlling even the destiny of ministries and influencing the policy of the nation.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

The gowns worn at dancing school become more and more showy, a great preference being shown for white trimmed with black.

Children's stockings, whether in silk, lisle or woolen, are almost invariably worn to match the dress. Even plaid dresses have stockings in a plaid of the same colors.

After all the talk about the cruelty of killing the birds, and in the face of the society formed for the suppression of bird slaying, the millinery this fall shows a greater number of wings and birds used than for a long time.

Lace was never used to the extent of now. It decorates the sleeves, bodices and skirts of evening dresses so as almost to cover the original gown, and is seen not only in the coarse but in the costliest laces.

All kinds of jeweled passementerie is made use of on evening dresses and is by no means confined to them, but flash upon hats as well as bonnets. It is also seen upon the muffs of velvet or satin and in association with fur.

Children's shoes should be the object of particular attention. They should wear laced boots, rather high over the instep, as soon as they begin to walk, and no heels at all until they are perfectly steady on their legs. Even then only spring heels should be worn until twelve years of age.

With regard to the material used for wraps, it is obvious that velvet is greatly used, and that plush in black and shaded effects is returning in favor. Ladies' cloth, ribbed silk, brocaded satin, brocaded velvet, the various woolen cloakings and plain satin are all used.

The Valkyrie wings arch upward most defiantly, while the Mercury wings turn gracefully toward the back of the head. Birds' heads are placed both on the crown and above the brow. Ostrich plumes in the "Prince of Wales" effect of three are used a great deal on dressy hats.

A mixture of black jet and gold thread shows a lace like pattern, forming stars between crescents. Flowers in jet include lily like shapes, roses and rosebuds, and love knots, blocks, stars and squares. The vogue of jet is greater than ever, and it is used on woolen, velvet, satin and silk.

A novel accessory seen of late on independent waists consists of three extremely small rosettes in "baby" ribbon of satin or velvet, these being placed on the outside of the sleeve and running from the wrist to the elbow. Sometimes the waist as well as on the wrists.

WELL KNOWN WOMEN.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has leased a house in London.

Ellen Terry's capacity for taking pains in her art seems almost infinite.

The dowager Queen of Portugal is probably the best dressed woman in Europe.

The Waltham watchmaking establishment employs 1,500 women among its 3,000 work people.

Governor McKinley's mother is 84 years old and has nine children, who became successful men and women.

The University of Chicago puts women on the same basis as men, whether students or teachers. Its History and Political Science club has two or three young women on its list of officers.

The queen of Denmark in her seventy-sixth year is one of the finest harpists in the world. A thoroughly accomplished musician, she assists in trios of which the other two parts are taken by professionals of high standing.

Mrs. Augusta C. Hagen of Philadelphia, conducts, jointly with her husband, a real estate business in Philadelphia. She takes entire charge of the office during his absence. Mrs. Hagen has been appointed notary public.

Mlle. Rapin, the armless artist who drew with her feet the pastel of the Duchess of York, is a young Genevese of rare intelligence. The eldest daughter of a Swiss barrister, she, as a child, drew with her feet better than most people draw with their hands, and at the age of 15 she began her artistic studies in

Publishers' Column.

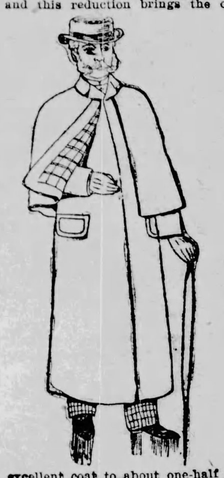
WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh"—a thin cloth coat impervious to rain—is universally used abroad as an overcoat for winter, spring and autumn. It is infinitely superior in wet weather to the ordinary "rubber" coats, clammy and cold.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality so far as appearances go and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $16 to $35; but one of the American manufacturers has agreed to sell usigle coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand, and this reduction brings the cost



of an excellent coat to about one-half the usual retail price. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, with a detachable cape twenty-four inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid. They are made of fine materials and in the best manner. They will not grow hard or stiff, and are first-class in every respect.

The dark-blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inveress shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the

arms and buttoning in front. This cape is prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth. They are carefully stitched and thoroughly vulcanized, so they are unaffected by any climate.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering, state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express, and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $5.95. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

It is only after careful consideration and thoroughly testing the machine, that we have arranged to offer our subscribers the BLADE WASHER. Thousands have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, for only $5.00; or we will ship a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

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A HANDY ATLAS.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. have just published a new Handy Atlas, of 380 pages, each page 7 1-2 by 5 1-4 inches, containing colored county maps of the United States and Canada, accompanied by descriptive, statistical and historical matter pertaining to each state, territory and province, with indexed list of all counties, with area and population; also, colored skeleton maps of the continents, showing all countries of the world; colored statistical diagrams giving data as to area, population, products, commerce, finance, etc.; with a "ready reference list," alphabetically arranged, of all cities, towns and villages, with population by the late census.

This volume is printed on good paper, bound in flexible cloth, in good style—not a paper cover; it retails for $1 per copy; but we will send a copy, postpaid, with the Weekly Blade one year, for $1.50. Or, we will send a copy of the Handy Atlas, postpaid, for 75 cents. "Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

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MERRY JINGLES.

Ib Saddy Clauds would only brigd
Judst whad you mide select,
Ad gib you choidce ob everythigd—
Whad would my sweed expect?

Ib I could only hab my choidce—
Oh, George, my lubber true—
I'd—ker-chew—hid my heart rejoice
Ad try to ah-ah-ketch you-u-u!

—Plain Dealer.

When creditors call every day
For a month, or thereabout,
And always find their man "not in,"
Of course they find him out.
—Courier-Journal.

He goeth now to Sunday school,
Designing little sinner!
He hasn't been inside its doors
Since last year's Christmas dinner.
—Chicago Tribune.

WHEN EASTER COMES.

The rule for ascertaining when Easter Sunday occurs may be gathered from this statement: Easter is the Sunday which follows that fourteenth day of the calendar moon which falls upon or next after March 21. The Brooklyn Eagle gives a number of dates of Easter Sunday, which will be useful for preservation to such readers as are desirous to watch these recurring days:

1894	March 25
1895	April 14
1896	April 5
1897	April 18
1898	April 10
1899	April 2
1900	April 15
1901	April 7
1902	March 30
1903	April 12
1904	April 3
1905	April 23
1906	April 15
1907	March 31
1908	April 19
1909	April 11
1910	March 27
1911	April 16
1912	April 7
1913	March 23
1914	April 12
1915	April 4
1916	April 23
1917	April 8
1918	March 31
1919	April 20
1920	April 4
1921	March 27
1922	April 16
1923	April 1
1924	April 20
1925	April 12
1926	April 4
1927	April 17
1928	April 8
1929	March 31
1930	April 20

IN CHILL DECEMBER.

The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.
Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.
—Longfellow.

The plumber laughs in ghoulish glee,
The coal man's filled with joy;
The ice man—sad and glum is he,
His grief knows no alloy.
—Chicago Times.

NEW ADJUTANT GENERAL.

Gen. George D. Ruggles and His Long and Honorable Record.

General George D. Ruggles, whom President Cleveland on November 6 appointed adjutant general of the army, has had a long and distinguished military career. In 1851 he was appointed a cadet at the United States Military Academy from Poughkeepsie. He was graduated four

GEO. D. RUGGLES.

years later, and within a few months received a commission as second lieutenant of infantry. He was rapidly promoted, and in 1862 was made assistant adjutant general, with the rank of major. In 1880 he was raised to the rank of lieutenant colonel and in 1889 he received his commission as colonel.

General Ruggles rendered important service to the cause of the union during the civil war. From July, 1861, to June, 1862, he was on duty in Washington, charged with the duty of raising and organizing volunteer companies. Late in 1862 he began his active duties in the field. He was attached to the Army of Virginia as assistant chief of staff with General McClellan. In the following year he was recalled to Washington as an adviser to Secretary Stanton. His last service during the war was in the capacity of adjutant general of the Army of the Potomac.

General Ruggles's services in the field were not less distinguished than his successful organization of volunteer forces, says Harper's Weekly. The first action in which he was engaged was the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, and he was present at Appomattox Court House when General Lee surrendered, April 9, 1865. Between these two events he took part in eleven important engagements. On April 9, 1865, at the close of the war, he received his appointment as brevet brigadier general, "for gallant and meritorious services during the operations resulting in the fall of Richmond, Va., and the surrender of the insurgent army under General R. E. Lee." Since the war he has been adjutant general of the division of the Atlantic and of the departments of the East, the Lakes, the Platte, Dakota, Texas, the Pacific, California. From 1880 to 1885 he was in the adjutant general's office at Washington, an appointment which was renewed on December 17 1892.

IN HER NEW GOWNS.

Airy, Fairy Lillian Russell is More Beautiful Than Ever.

The gowns which Lillian Russell wears in "The Princess Nicotine" would not form a model for ordinary costumes, but for the young person who has a series of fancy dress balls in view they will be

WORN IN THE FIRST ACT.

full of suggestiveness. In the first act she glitters in red and gold and black, according to the New York World. Black slippers tipped with gold, black stockings, a black skirt of accordion-plaited mull reaching almost to her ankles and heavily embroidered in gold, a red zouave jacket and a girdle from which hang innumerable gold ornaments are the principal features of this dress. The effectiveness of this gay apparel is increased by the soft white chemisette she wears and a pale-blue tie knotted beneath the collar.

In the next act Miss Russell is a bride. A round, low-necked bodice of soft white silk mull is gathered into a girdle of gold and white. The mull skirt is voluminously accordion-plaited. A very short zouave jacket of white heavily embroidered with gold is worn with the dress. Her bridal veil falls from a towering construction of gold and flowers, and hangs down her back. White stockings, slippers and gloves and a white fan spangled with gold complete her bridal array.

In the third act the fair Lillian is once more ablaze with color. She wears a

THE BRIDAL COSTUME.

rather bright shade of pale-green, with enough gold about it to satisfy the most gaudy taste. The accordion-plaited skirt has broad stripes of gold embroidery extending from waist to hem. The light-fitting low-necked bodice has a zouave jacket outlined in gold. Gold trims the short sleeves, glitters on the black gloves

COSTUME IN ACT III.

and slippers, is embroidered on the green stockings, and even the black lace veil, which falls from her high comb, has threads of gold in it.

FASHIONS IN HANDSHAKING.

They Are Valuable, Intricate, and Require Study and Practice.

Nothing is more disconcerting to persons who are not privileged to closely follow the changes of fashion than her vagaries in the way of handshaking. Just how and when, by what mysterious processes the new handshake is evolved, the old eliminated, it is difficult to determine; but true it is that, unless you are quite up to date and know the very latest ejrk of the hand, curve of the wrist and angle of the elbow, you might as well be a decade behind the times, says one of the New York Sun's four hundred.

Indeed, those of the elect who assiduously practice these muscular feats, and religiously note the slightest change in fashion, take it upon themselves to be more personally aggrieved if one shocks their tender sensibilities with a last year's shake than if they attempt the old pump-handle, which has no pretense to modishness. Now when two of those whose brilliant feminine intellects are focused upon each other as if they were going to tear each other's eyes out, take a firm hold of hands, which is the only redeeming feature of the hand shake, lift the hands about on a level with the shoulder (last year it was just an inch below the tip of the nose), and with a little sideways motion and another lingering clasp, it is over. When both understand about it, of course it works to a charm, but when somebody blunders, the result is disastrous, like handling warships according to an independent code of signals.

The handshake masculine is very much the same, only the woman becomes aggressive instead of aggressive, allows her hand to be taken and held fondly in a deferential fashion, suggestive of the courtly salutation which climaxes with a kiss. Everything but the kiss is the same, for the hand is lifted, the gentleman bows over it for a moment, and with a fond clasp it is done. It looks easy, but to the intelligence of the society swell it is really wearing to keep up with the fastidious etiquette of the ever-changing salutation.

Boston Globe:—The best Christmas present which can be given to a man out of employment is work at fair wages.

Talmage's Sermon.

"I AM THE BRIGHT AND THE MORNING STAR."

The Long, Bitter, Stupendous Night of the World's Suffering—Rev. Dr. Talmage's Christmas Theme.

In the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday a great audience assembled to participate in the Christmas services. Standing before the organ, festooned with Christmas greens, this sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. Talmage, after the throngs had sung, "The Star of Bethlehem." Text, Rev. xxii. 16, "I am the bright and the morning star."

This is Christmas eve. Our attention and the attention of the world is drawn to the star that pointed down to the caravansary where Christ was born. But do not let us forget that Christ himself was a star. To that luminous fact my text calls us.

Have you ever seen the morning star advantageously? If it was on your way home from a night's carousal, you saw none of its beauty. If you merely turned on your pillow in the darkness, glancing out of the window, you know nothing about the cheerful influence of that star. But there are many in this house to-night, who in great passes of their life, some of them far out at sea have gazed at that star and been thrilled through with indescribable gladness. The star comes trembling as though with the perils of the darkness, and yet bright with the anticipation of the day. It seems emotional with all tenderness, its eyes filled with the tears of many sorrows.

Other stars are dim, like holy candles in a cathedral, or silver beads counted in superstitious litany; but this is a living star, a speaking star, an historic star, an evangelistic star—bright and brilliant, and triumphant symbol of the great Redeemer. The telegraphic operator puts his finger on the silver key of the electric instrument, and the tidings fly across the continent; and so it seems to me that the finger of inspiration is placed upon this silver point in the heavens, and it thrills through the earth: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. Behold, I am the bright and morning star." The meaning of my text is this: as the morning star precedes and promises the coming of the day, so Christ heralds the natural and spiritual dawn.

In the first place, Christ heralded the coming of the creation. There was a time when there was no order, no sound of beauty. No wing stirred. No word was uttered. No light sped. As far as God could look up, as far down, as far out, there was nothing. Immeasurable solitude. Heighth and depth, and length, and breadth of nothingness. Did Christ then exist? Oh, yes. "By him were all things made that are made; things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth." Yes, he antedated the creation. He led forth Arcturus and his sons. He shone before the first morning. His voice was heard in the concert when the morning stars serenaded the advent of our infant earth, when, wrapped in swaddling clothes of light, it lay in the arms of the great Jehovah. He saw the first light kindled. That hand which was afterward crushed upon the cross was thrust into chaos, and it brought out one world and swung it in that orbit; and brought out all the worlds, and swung them in their particular orbits. They came like sheep at the call of a shepherd. They knew his voice, and he called them all by their names.

Some suppose that Christ came a stranger to Bethlehem. Oh, no. He created the shepherds, and the flocks they watched, and the hills on which they pastured, and the heavens that overreached their heads, and the angels that chanted the chorus of that Christmas night. That hand which was afterwards nailed to the cross was an omnipotent and creative hand, and the whole universe was poised on the tip of one of his fingers. Before the world was, Christ was. All the worlds came trooping up out of the darkness, and He greeted them as a father greets his children, with a "good morning," or a "good night." Hail, Lord Jesus, morning star of the first creation.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of comfort in a Christian soul. Sometimes we come to passes in life where all kinds of tribulations meet us. You are building up some great enterprise. You have built the foundations—the wall—you are just about to put on the capstone, when every thing is demolished. You have a harp all strung for sweetest accord, and some great agony crushes it. There is a little voice hushed in the household. Blue eyes closed. Color dashed out of the cheek. The foot still, instead of the quick feet in the hall, the heavy tread of those who march to the grave. Oh, what are people to do amid all these sorrows? Some sit down and mourn. Some bite their lip until the blood comes. Some wring their pale hands. Some fall on their faces. Some lie on their backs helpless, and look up into what seems to them an unpitying heaven.

Long night, bitter night, stupendous night of the world's suffering! Some know not which way to turn. But not so the Christian man. He looks up towards the heavens. He sees a bright appearance in the heavens. Can it be only a flashing meteor? Can it be only a falling star? Can it be only a delusion? Nay, nay. The longer he looks, the more distinct it becomes, until, after a while, he cries out: "A star! a morning star! a star of comfort! the star of the Redeemer!" Peace for all trouble. Balms for all wounds. Life for all dead. Now Jesus, the great heart healer, comes into our homes. Peace! Peace that passeth all understanding. We look up through our tears. We are comforted! It is the morning star of the Redeemer, "Who broke off that flower?" asked one servant in the garden to another. "Who broke off that flower?" And the other servant said: "The master." Nothing more was said, for if the master had not a right to break off a flower to wear over his heart, or to set in the vase in the mansion, who has the right to touch the flower? And when Christ comes down into our garden to gather lilies, shall we fight him back? Shall we talk as though he had no right to come? If any one in all the universe has a right to all that is beautiful in our homes, then our Master has, and he will take it, and He will wear it over His heart, or he will set it in the vase of the palace eternal. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Peace, troubled soul! I put the balm on your wounded heart to-night—the morning star, the morning star of the Redeemer.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of millenial glory. It is night in China, night in India, night in Siberia, night for the vast majority of the world's population. But it seems to me there are some intimations of morning. All Spain is to be brought under the influence of the gospel. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Pyrenees? The morning! Yea, all Italy shall receive the gospel! She shall have her schools, and her colleges, and her churches, her vast population shall surrender themselves to Christ. What is the light I see breaking over the top of the Alps? The morning! All India shall come to God. Her idols shall be cast down. Her Juggernauts shall be broken. Her temples of iniquity shall be demolished. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Himalayas? The morning! The empurpled clouds shall gild the path of the conquering day.

Again Christ heralds the dawn of heaven upon every Christian's dying pillow. I suppose you have noticed that the characteristics of people in their healthy days are very apt to be their characteristic in their dying days. The dying words of ambitious Napoleon were: "Head of the army." The dying words of poetic Byron were: "I must sleep now." The dying words of affectionate Lord Nelson were: "Kiss me, Hardy." The dying words of Voltaire were, as he saw ore whom he supposed to be Jesus in the room: "Crush that wretch." But I have noticed that the dying words of Christians always mean peace. Generally the pain is all gone, and there is quietude through the room. As one of these brothers told me of his mother in the last moment: "She looked up, and said, pointing to some supernatural being that seemed to be in the room, 'Look at that bright form. Why, they have come for me now.'"

The lattice is turned so that the light is very pleasant. It is peace all around. You ask yourself, "Why, can this be a dying room? It is so different from anything I ever expected." And you walk the floor, and you look out of the window, and you look at the face of the patient again, and there is no change, except that the face is becoming more radiant, more illuminated. The wave of death seems coming up higher and higher, until it has touched the ankle; then it comes on up until it reaches the girdle, and then it comes on up until it reaches the lip, and the soul is about to be floated away into glory, and you roll back the patient's sleeve, and you put your finger on the pulse, and it is getting weaker and weaker, and the pulse stops, and you hardly know whether this life has gone or not: indeed, you cannot tell when she goes away, she goes away so calmly. Perhaps it is 4 o'clock in the morning, and you have the bed wheeled around to the window, and the dying one looks out into the night sky, and she sees something that attracts her attention, and you wonder what it is.

Why, it is a star. It is a star that out of its silver rim is pouring a supernatural light into that dying experience. And you say: "What is it that you are looking at?" She says: "It is a star." You say: "What star is it that seems so well to please you?" "Oh," she says, "that is the morning star—Jesus!" I would like to have my deathbed under that evangelistic star—I would like to have my eyes on that star, so I could be assured of the morning. Then the dash of the surf of the sea of death would only be the billowing up of the promise: "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." All other lights will fail—the light that falls from the scroll of fame, the light that flashes from the gem in the beautiful apparel, the light that flames from the burning lamps of a banquet—but this light burns on and burns on. Paul kept his eye on that morning star, until he could say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Edward Payson kept his eye on that star until he could say: "The breezes of heaven fan me." Dr. Goodwin kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "I am swallowed up in God." No other star ever pointed a mariner into so safe a harbor. No other star ever sunk its silvered anchor into the waters. No other star ever pierced such accumulated cloud, or beckoned with such a holy luster.

With lanterns and torches and a guide we went down in the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave is a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave—stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other, and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people getting lost from their guide only a few hours, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock, and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth.

The guide, after awhile, takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you: "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns and placing it in a cleft of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim: "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern, and wanders on, and wanders on, until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning, and it gets brighter and brighter.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterraneous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God. Our divine guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and, after awhile, we look up and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a a king's star chamber. And, while we are looking at the pomp of it an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and, as the gate flashes open you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be the God that through this gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulcher has become the illumined star chamber of the King.

Saturnalia of the Ancient Romans.

Among the ancient Romans the Saturnalia was celebrated toward the close of the year, when for a week or more feasting and revelry of all sorts prevailed. Labor was suspended, gifts bestowed, slaves exchanged places with their masters, the temples of Saturn were decorated and the wildest license reigned.

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GEO. W. MYERS, Architect,
3 and 4 Moffat Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

THE DANGEROUS FEAST.

"When Ethel gives a dinner,"
He, musing, slowly said,
"As true as I'm a sinner,
It leaves me light of head

"The viands touch me slightly,
In eating I am wise;
I sip my wine so lightly—
It must be Ethel's eyes!"
—New York World.

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

The Most Remarkable of Living Nonogenarians.

Dr. James Martineau, the great English Unitarian divine, is perhaps the most wonderful of the eminent nonogenarians living. He is four years the senior of Gladstone and ten years of Bismarck. Yet, although he has now withdrawn from ministerial and professional life, it is only quite recently that he delivered a long, closely reasoned speech without the aid of a note, and he is still writing in the reviews on such abstruse questions as the origin of the newly discovered gospel of Peter. He was recently seen making his way down Piccadilly through the crowds with an agility which many a younger man

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

might envy. A sermon of his is nothing short of a perfect work of art. Matter, manner, voice, elocution—everything is of the choicest and everything has the nicest congruity. The discourse is read from beginning to end. But what reading! As the noble thoughts relnspire the mind that had first in poetic or prophetic rapture conceived them, the eye lights up, the voice grows in volume, and the very form towers higher and dilates. No wonder is it that when Dr. Martineau was the minister of Little Portland street chapel he had the most intellectually distinguished congregation in London. In George Eliot's "Life" we read of the disappointment she felt one Sunday when she went to hear "James Martineau," and found his place occupied by another. And George Eliot was but one of many whom no preacher but he could have drawn to a place of worship. In his audience he numbered R. H. Hutton, of the Spectator, who compares him to Cardinal Newman. George Eliot rated him higher than Theodore Parker with a "perilous superabundance of eloquence." In philosophic circles Dr. Martineau has never gone without appreciation. John Stuart Mill was one of his admirers, opposed as they were as thinkers, and once, by way of urging him not further to delay publication of his lectures, wrote him an historic letter, which suggests that immortality had become to him something more than the twilight hope which his more formal writings disclose. Mr. Gladstone has more than once testified his sense of Dr. Martineau's incomparable services to religious thought; and Tennyson declared, as a member of the famous Metaphysical society, which included nearly all the eminent thinkers of the day—men like Mill and Huxley and Manning and "Ideal" Ward—that Dr. Martineau was the greatest of them all. Yet it was not until 1883 that Oxford recognized his genius by bestowing upon him the degree of D. C. L.! Sixteen years before Harvard college had made him an LL. D., and later he received a T. D. (doctor of theology) from Leyden and a D. D. from Edinburgh.

Age of Women Doctors.

A medical journal declares that no woman doctor ever earned a living before 1860. It says: "No respectable family in any commonly respectable neighborhood would let rooms to a woman physician. Even when friends gave her shelter a business card or sign was not allowed. The lack of practical training was really the stumbling block and the cause of all this prejudice." Verily, times have changed.

The Reason Being Over.

Great Scott, barber, are you going to start a mattress factory?"

"No, sah—no, sah; been cuttin' the hai'r off de football team."—Kansas City Journal.

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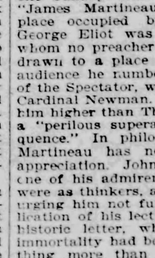
The Fashion in Paris.

Sealskin is totally out of favor this season in Paris. Astrakhan and sable are the furs most in fashion. Blue fox and beaver are also used.



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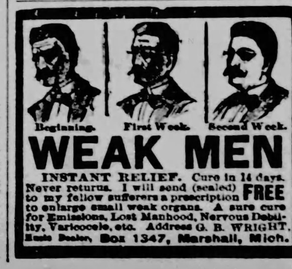

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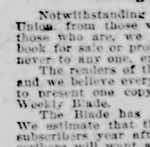

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THE "NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book Is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are

CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

The round bright sun in the west hung low;
It was old-fashioned Christmas weather.
I remember the fields were white with snow
As we stood by the stile together.
In the woods the berries grew thick and red;
Yet I lingered and called it "Folly;"
When you said with a smile: "Let us cross the stile
And gather some Christmas holly."

But over the fields by the frozen brook
We went where the boughs were spinkled
With snow; and deep in a sheltered nook
The waterfall faintly tinkled.
A brave little robin sang out in the cold:
It was only young lovers' folly,
But we listened so long to the redbreast's song
That we almost forgot the holly.

Then the light died out of the golden day,
And the moon showed her silvery bow,
And we never knew if our homeward way
Lay through rose leaves or drifted snow.
One bright star shone in the pale clear sky;
And my mother said it was folly
To listen so long to a robin's song—
But we brought home the Christmas holly.

You stir not now from our ingle nook,
And my hair is white like the snow;
For the story you told 'mid the sunset gold
Is a story of long ago.
As hand clasps hand by the winter fire,
Do you deem it an old wife's folly
That my eyes grow wet with a sweet regret
When I look at the Christmas holly?
—Chamber's Journal.

HOME TALKS.

DARNING UP THE HOLES.

An Eventide Dreaming Over a Disagreeable Occupation—Thoughts Caught Wandering.

If there be one thing more than another that falls to my lot as a woman to do occasionally, which vexes my soul to weariness and makes me feel that life is a flat, dreary fizzle, it is darning stockings! Then it is, when I sit needle in hand with the dilapidated foot-covering drawn over the pretty darner that some zealous friend presented me, striving with might and main to fill in the yawning chasm in a neat and tidy manner, that I wonder why I was not born a man, with the masculine prerogative of wearing holes ad infinitum without being expected to darn them into a wearable condition again. The man of business may stretch himself in an easy chair before a warm fire and refresh his tired brain with the latest magazine or book, while she of the opposite sex looks longingly, her very soul sick for such literary food and entertainment, but she must sit and darn, darn, darn, because to do so is feminine! She is a woman! N. B.—I would like to spell the second and third "darns" in capital letters, if it were proper, which I know it is not.—Now why should it be considered so imperative for a woman to do her own darning, while a man is pitied and condoled with if he has no one to do it for him? Why should it be considered perfectly proper for him to wear socks with holes in because, poor fellow, he is away from his womankind, meaning mother or sister, while the woman who is also away earning her own living in a business or profession, would be disgraced were it known that she had holes in her stockings? She must sit up nights in order to prevent so dire a catastrophe, and there are none to pity her.

Perhaps I should not feel this difference to be such an injustice if I did not so despise the process of filling up the holes. And right here I want to say that I am, after all, speaking out my feelings more for others than myself, because I have never had much of it to do. For years the dear hands now folded and stilled forever relieved me of all care in this direction, and now Sophonisba does the same thing, but sometimes Sophonisba is away, and then ——.

It was on one of these occasions lately when the stress of circumstances forced me to occupy myself in this way, that my thoughts rose up in rebellion after the manner shown in the first paragraphs of this screed. Presently, soothed into forgetfulness of my vexation by the soft quiet of my surroundings, my thoughts fell away from my work, and went wandering forth in this wise:

"After all, isn't the whole of life, if it is lived as it ought to be, just a darning up of holes in our characters, that have come there, no matter how, only that they are yawning and growing larger and larger unless we set ourselves steadily at work to put them into a state of wholeness? And is not the process just as unpleasant, in the larger way as I find the material one of repairing the holes in these stockings to be? There is this difference, though: The character mending must go on through every waking hour, and the thread we use seems to fill up the gaps so slowly that many times and oft we grow discouraged and perhaps give up trying. By and by we become frightened at the way the holes are increasing and we begin again, and then find that the work is all to be done over, and there is more added."

Here I became conscious that my needle had fallen from my hand, and I was dreamily gazing into the fire, following the thoughts that were trooping through my brain about the here and the hereafter of life. Beginning again to weave the threads to and fro, I fell to musing once more.

"Just so we forget while the sun shines, when the wind blows soft from over the sea, and the sky of our hopes is blue, that it is only by persistent weaving with the thread and needle of effort that we can reach the better condition which we should all strive for. It is so easy to close our eyes to the holes in ourselves that need mending; so easy to dream and enjoy when the light and warmth of prosperity are around us, forgetting the work we have to do in order to make us worthy of our Father's keeping!

"Then there is another thing. Did you ever notice when you thought you had done a particularly neat job in filling up a hole in the stocking, how, often and often, you find close beside it a stitch dropped which you know will soon develop into another unsightly hole, unless instantly attended to? Isn't that the way with ourselves when we are full of joy over the belief of fairly overcoming one fault, that we suddenly find "a little rift within the lute" which will be sure, if disregarded, to by and by make mute the melody of our lives? It only goes to show how constant must be our watchfulness that we may not drop unheeded stitches which left will grow larger and be a far greater injury than what we have so rejoiced over mending.

"We are apt to feel, too, the same vexation over the imperfections in the warp and woof of our neighbor's character which we see, or fancy we see, as I do over the fact that men can wear holes in their footgear and not be disgraced by so doing, even if it be known. Why, we think, may John and William, Mary and Helen do things that we can not, and yet sail serenely on over the same sea with the sun shining upon them as brightly as when they first pulled out of the harbor of youth? Why should we worry and perplex ourselves about darning up the holes in our characters, while they, with their larger ones, are taking no heed of the morrow, but enjoying to-day?"

Just here I paused in my work to untie a knot in the thread, which came with the knot in my thoughts, and both were smoothed out together.

"Yes, my inner self said, but how do you know that the holes in your neighbor's character are larger than your own? Remember that you are looking away from yourself, and so may not see aright. And then, which is the better of the two conditions—to be reminded of the necessity of overcoming by work in order to rise higher towards a spiritual wholeness, or to go on simply enjoying material things, with no thought of either the to-morrow of earth-life or of the to-morrow of eternity? Rest assured that, however hard the shock which brings a knowledge of your own failings, it is something for which to be thankful."

As I reached this point in my musings, the striking of the clock told me of the lateness of the hour which was waning on towards midnight. My homely work was finished, too, but I sat yet awhile longer gazing with misty eyes into the dancing light of the fire, for there had come to me the thought that the erstwhile happy holiday time was drawing nigh, that Christmas bells would soon be ringing and the New Year chime of farewell to the old year would sound, and there would be silence and absence where were but now sweet tones and a gentle presence. And then I said in my sorrow, what matters discomfort, discouragement, pain, disappointment, struggle, if only they make us ready to see once again, even with spirit eyes, the loved ones who have preceded us into the Beyond.

And so, gentle reader, whoever you may be, comforted by this thought, I can wish with all my heart that for you, both the Christmas and the New Year may bring you gladness, and a happiness which does not depend upon outward circumstances or possessions but upon an inward peace that passeth all understanding.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

CHRISTMAS GATHERINGS.

Ways of Decorating the House and Distributing Gifts.

To make Christmas a merry time and one to be remembered is a good thing to do, for it is only another strong ling that binds the memory of the young people to the home of their childhood and the dear ones who made it bright and happy. It is well, if possible, to have a family gathering, and make the whole affair as full of mirth and jollity as it can be crowded.

Of course the celebration begins with Christmas eve. Be sure to have the lower part of the house well trimmed with evergreens, for this adds greatly to the pleasure. Put holly with its bright red berries everywhere, mixing it with other evergreens which are to be used in wreaths and ropes. Have a Christmas tree even if it is a small one if there are little children in the family.

If there is a broad doorway between the rooms where the merry company is to gather, loop a rope of evergreen across the top and from the center suspend a wreath which holds a bunch of mistletoe within its circle. Everybody who stops directly under this wreath must pay toll during the evening, and the toll must be a kiss if demanded by those who observe the forgetful one's pause. Some other forfeit of rights may be asked for instead of the kiss, and sometimes great sport is made by the ridiculous requests substituted.

The decorations are made more beautiful by putting here and there bunches of cotton-batting sprinkled with the inexpensive mica dust that sparkles under the light like snow in the bright moonlight. Do not be afraid of getting too many evergreens around the house. The more there are the more Christmas-y it looks.

The presents may be distributed Christmas evening or on the morning following. There are various ways of doing this, any of which may be made full of pleasant surprises. Of course the old, old gift tree is always admissible. Then there are "Christmas Bristles" as the hiding of the presents is called. It makes great sport, this hunt within a certain radius and coming suddenly upon a package with one's name upon it. If any one discovers a wrong bundle it is quietly replaced and the hunt goes on.

Another way is to have one of the family dress as Santa Claus and come in with gifts, and still another, if there are small children, is to have two of them dressed in white with holly wreaths upon their heads, who act as distributors.

The following is a novel way of arranging the gifts: Have two stepladders of equal height, and then put a third ladder across the top forming a square arch. Suspend a floral or evergreen bell from the center rung of the top ladder. Cover the ladders with evergreens and hang the gifts from the rungs. This is very pretty.

If the gifts are to be distributed in the morning there is the old, old way of hanging the stockings. This may be made very funny by getting the whole array, large and small, and suspending them in all sorts of odd places in a room. If the ladders are used as described above, the stockings may be tied to the rungs and then filled. Of course the time of distribution may be at any hour most convenient.

The candy man is great sport for the youngsters. Some one who can sing must be dressed up in a white apron and a white shovel hat, and come in with a pack of candy packages upon his back. He must have one for each of the party and he goes from one to the other distributing them and singing:

"I'm a jolly candy man
And I do the best I can
The world with sweetness and joy to fill
And serve the people with good will.

The gifts, if small, may be put on the breakfast table, or be distributed afterwards. One mother that I heard of had them arriving at the door all the morning, it having been planned before, so that each time the bell rang there was great excitement to know who was to be served.

The Christmas dinner is always a merry occasion. The table should be made as much of a reminder of the season as possible by its decorations. I shall not stop to give any menus here, as those suitable to holidays have been published before. I will only add something to make the children happy in the way of individual cakes, which the good housewife can make beforehand. These will do for New Year's as well as Christmas. Cut the recipe out and preserve it for next year if it reaches you too late for this year:

Make a good cup cake, bake a part of it in two thin sheets and then add to the remainder candied almonds, cherries and apricots, all cut fine. Bake this in a sheet, having it about an inch thick. When this cake is cold it can be cut into triangular and square pieces, and be iced with white and colored icing. While the icing is soft, sprinkle some of the candied fruits over it. Cut one of the thin sheets of cake into two parts. Spread one-half with some kind of jelly or jam and place the other half on this, pressing down firmly. Cut this into squares and then into triangles, and ice half with white icing and the rest with colored icing. Put a candied cherry on each piece that has white icing. The second thin sheet can be cut into squares, covered with white icing, and have a candied cherry placed on each corner. When the icing is hardened, short mottoes can be written in the center of the cakes. Have a fine brush and some melted chocolate for one part and the unbeaten yelk of an egg for the remainder. It pleases children to find their own names on a little cake, especially if there be a message also.

Here are a few Christmas rhymes that go well with gifts:

A Christmas wish I send, my dear,
That joy through many a happy year
May o'er thy pathway shine,
As certain 'twould had I the power
To scatter clouds, should any lower
And threaten thee or thine.

To an oft-remembered friend,
A Christmas greeting here I send,
And a wish that happy cheer
May gladden all the coming year.

The gift of gifts is love, and there is no other in the world that can hide its lack or make its scantiness.

A "Merry Christmas!" merry friend,
On this happy morn I send,
To greet thy laughter-beaming eyes,
Whose cheery glance so many prize;
And I would through coming years
That ne'er their light should dim with tears.

A cordial Christmas greeting
We send our friends to-day,
And wish them Happy New Year
For the year not far away.

And when the book is opened,
Our readers all will say,
"Oh, isn't this a dainty dish
For Merry Christmas Day."

The last is good with a book and what prettier gift can there be than a volume of some favorite author's.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Another Hint About Christmas Giving.

Last week I ventured a suggestion on the question: "To whom shall we give presents?" This week I have a word to say about what shall be given.

Of course the state of our finances, governs this question for most of us, but whether we have much or little to spend, if we would have our gifts acceptable, we must humor the taste of the receiver.

For instance, supposing our readers to be able to give freely. If Tommy is musical give him the violin his soul craves instead of the skates that seem, to you, so much better suited to a boy's wants. They may go to his lively sister Kitty, in place of the book you are contemplating for her gift; and that will be far more suitable for studious John, than the "Funch and Judy" show, you intended for him.

Give that thrilling affair, to the little cripple across the street, instead of the fruit you expect to send her; it will last so much longer, and pass away so many lonesome moments.

If the family exchequer does not admit of expensive presents, substitute a mouth-organ for the violin; a hand-sled for the skates; a cheaper book; and "Pigs in Clover."

Older people have preferences too, which a little tact will discover, though, as a general thing, they do not express themselves so freely as the youngsters.

If grandma is a dressy old lady, she will enjoy a new cap, or a pretty, crocheted shoulder shawl, ever so much more than a "Devotional Calendar;" eminently suited as they are for old ladies, or young ones either, who are fond of hunting up references, and "Searching the Scriptures."

And if Clara Louise has set her heart upon a lace handkerchief, don't be disappointed if she does not appreciate the lovely water-color sketch, you think so much nicer for her Christmas gift.

In a word, if your Christmas giving is to be successful, you must be guided by the tastes of those to whom you give, rather than by your own.

A small boy acquaintance, stood glowering down at his presents last year, when I called upon his mother a few days after Christmas. It seemed to me that there was everything a boyish heart could desire in that collection, but his brow was clouded with disappointment, because he had not been given a "bean-shooter."

"I wanted that more'n anything," he wailed, "'n' I guess I want what I want!"

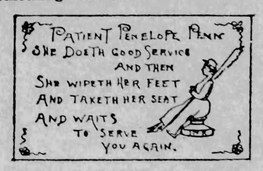
That is the case with all of us poor mortals; we "want what we want," and no other gift pleases us one half so well, even if it be of far greater value.

PRETTY THINGS TO MAKE

For Holiday Gifts or for the Birthday of a Friend.

A Penwiper.

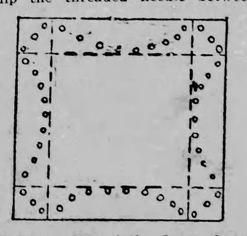
Cut out a half dozen leaves of chamois skin about as large as a postal card and make holes upon one end through which pass ribbon to tie the leaves together. Upon the top leaf put some pretty design or motto, something like this:



Any other motto or design may be used. The drawing ought to be done with a fine pen and black ink in order to correspond with the purpose for which the leaves are to be used.

Handkerchief.

Tear a piece of India linen 19 inches square. Hem stitch a hem that is 2 1-4 inches deep when completed. Cut out the two inner pieces of cloth in the hem in the corners, thus having but two thicknesses of cloth in the entire hem. In hem stitching I never break off my thread at the corners. I slip the threaded needle between



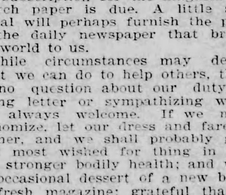
the two pieces of cloth. I am always careful to fasten my knots with an extra stitch, and I always slip the ends of thread under the hem. I used No. 100 thread for the hem stitching and hemming. With a No. 100 cotton thread spool mark off the design on the right side of handkerchief. With a pair of sharp pointed scissors, cut out the circles, allowing for the width of the hem. Hem down neatly to the exact markings. In passing from one circle to the next, pass the needle between the hem, breaking off the thread as seldom as is possible. Embroider a small initial in one corner and I think you will be satisfied with the result.

I have sheaf stitch work which I will send if you like. It is strips of cloth put together with a stitch which when completed resembles a sheaf. I have drawn work, too, which I would like to send if I could have them illustrated. In such work an illustration is of more value than the most minute description. I do not wish to burden you with my work and would only wish you to accept that which would be of benefit.—Helen Jay.

If you can send illustrations they can probably be reproduced, and the Household will be glad to have you send designs for the work.—Ed.

Tea Cosey.

The cosey shown here is cut out by an oval pattern made by measuring the longest part of the teapot between spout and outside of handle, and then cutting it an inch larger all around. Cover it with some pretty color of silk and over the silk put



lace either making it with braid and fine cotton, or getting the wrought lace that comes by the yard. The band around the bottom is made of velvet and the top of band and seam is finished with a pretty cord.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Practical Advice from a Teacher Who Doesn't Favor "Pensions."

I wish to add my mite to the discussion of the pension question. Indeed, I do not favor it, and am a teacher, too. In the first place, we are compensated for our labor, and it is our duty to lay by enough to provide for our future needs.

I believe, as a rule, teachers are given to extravagance; not that they mean to be, but I know from experience, that they, in their first years of teaching, think a monthly salary will buy almost everything, and they spend with a lavish hand. I know our necessities are many, and our expenses heavy, but let us learn to economize.

I would say to the young teachers, thoroughly prepare yourself for your work, and when fully equipped, have a definite plan before you, as to how to invest your money. Do not plan to use it all in dress. Save a part of every month's wages if it is ever so small, and then you will not have to be asked to be placed on a pension list.

Thanks to editor and others who responded to my letter concerning literature. Of late I have read Hawthrone's "Scarlet Letter," and am delighted with it. Have also read "Jess" by Rider Haggard. If any of the Household have read it, would like their opinion of "Jess" and her last deed.—Country Teacher.

Helpful Hints on True Economy.

"Hard times," "Economize," "Save," are very popular words just now, and no doubt, owing to the recent financial disturbances, the proverbial "rainy day" threatens to overtake us and rich and poor alike must economize.

But do we understand what economy is? Surely it is not to deprive ourselves of the things that broaden life, for upon our own estimate of what are the best things, are we formed. Some one says, "Nothing is, but thinking makes it so."

Let us not economize when the missionary collection is taken, or when the subscription for the magazine or church paper is due. A little self-denial will perhaps furnish the price of the daily newspaper that brings the world to us.

While circumstances may decide what we can do to help others, there is no question about our duty. A loving letter or sympathizing word, are always welcome. If we must economize, let our dress and fare be plainer, and we shall probably gain that most wished for thing in this life, stronger bodily health; and with an occasional dessert of a new book, or fresh magazine; grateful thanks, and the royal reward of "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least;" we shall be surprised to find how much we are worth, when the "winter of our discontent" is passed.—Eugenie F. Donald.

A Word for "Violet Blue."

In answer to Violet Blue's letter I would say, the mother's dress should be light in weight, and the weight suspended from the shoulders. Also the underwear should have straps to support it. This should be woolen for winter and lighter material for summer. Wear no corset for you are not going for style but comfort. For infant's clothing, get shaker flannel, as it does not full in washing and is always soft. Make in combination or singly the skirt and shirt. I prefer made singly; for sometimes the skirt has to be laundered when the shirt does not. If the skirt is made separate, put a sleeveless waist to it, as the tight band might be kicked off and injure the child. Have knit, or flannel bands. The dresses may be made of any white, washable goods, either Mother Hubbards or "slips," as some call them; that is with fronts and backs cut separate, and a side gore fitting up around the arm hole. Made medium long, as a very long skirt is in the way and more to be laundered, and if you do your own work that is an item to be looked at. —Pearl.

Certainly We Shall be Glad to Hear About Flowers.

I wonder why none of the Household writers speak about flowers in the house? or is it a forbidden subject? It seems to me no home is quite complete without at least a few to brighten the winter window; we can not all have costly draperies to our windows, but we can all have a few bright flowers blooming their sweetness into our lives, and the lives of those around us. I must not stay too long this time (if, indeed, I am permitted to enter at all), but if I may come again I will talk about a few lovely plants which will bloom if given half a chance, and—but, oh, dear! there seems so many things just ready to tumble off the point of my pen, but just one thing more for the benefit of the children. How many mothers know that ginger and honey mixed in proportion of one spoonful ginger and two of strained honey will relieve a cough almost instantly? It is so hard for the little ones to cough through the night, when a few minutes time will give them sweet sleep instead.—Hazelle V.

THE MERRY-GO ROUNDS.

Old Friends Heard From and New Ones Knocking at the Door.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I hope that I may be pardoned my negligence of a duty, which has been placed before me in words of interest shown by others, who have lately been admitted to the Merry-Go-Rounds. I am sorry to be the last to say anything or to help at all, for I was one of the first to enter.

I have listened to all that has been said about ideal young men and coincide with Chrysanthemum and all others of the same opinion that no young man who uses tobacco in any form, who drinks, swears, gambles, or has bad associates should ever be accepted as company for a young girl. I am still a school-girl, only 13, and may be thought too young to discuss some subjects understandingly, but I think I am entitled to an opinion at any rate. My ideal young woman is one who is wide-awake, though she has a gentle manner, and lady-like speech. Here is a question to finish with. Do you think girls should cultivate the idea, that wherever they go, compliments and praise should be their portion?—Gladys.

She Isn't Looking for a "Perfect" Young Man.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I have enjoyed The Blade so much more since the dear editor has set apart this cozy little nook for our chats.

Louisa M. Alcott is one of my favorite authors, and Charles Dickens is another. David Copperfield is my favorite among his books, "Agnes" the character that I most admire.

I agree with "Aveline Winthrop" that if a gentleman was perfect, he would seek a perfect young lady. In that case I fear we poor school-girls would often be slighted, for there are many of us who often do things which were they to appear in print as the actions of a heroine, would not bespeak a perfect lady. Besides that, I am like Jo, in Little Women: "I'm afraid I shouldn't like my boy as well if there wasn't a spice of naughtiness about him."—"Chatterbox."

Editors Are Patient.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Will you admit a new member from Indiana? I am glad to see our corner brightening up again. I wonder our kind editor's patience does not give out, when she sees how negligent we have been; but, girls, we will try to do better in the future, will we not? In answer to Peach Blossom's question, I will say: If he is a nice young man, there would be nothing wrong in receiving His attentions, because you as a church member could throw a Christian influence around him, and perhaps win him over to the good side.—Callie.

And Here's a Breath of Mountain Air—From the Far West.

Merry-Go-Rounds:—My idea for the future is to be a teacher, not only a teacher of common book learning, but also of fancy work and music. Turley: I, too, think it would be interesting to describe the scenery which surrounds our homes. My home is in a Western state, on a high and level prairie, where I can see for miles around. On the north and west can be seen the Cascades, and among them rises the snowy peak of the lofty Mt. Rainier, the highest mountain in the Cascade range, and the fifth highest in North America. My favorite study is history.

"Ben Hur" is One of the Editor's Favorites, Too.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I hope to gain admittance to your circle, although I never wrote to a paper for publication since I became a woman. I am receiving attentions from a young man who uses tobacco, though never in my presence. I would rather he did not use it, of course; but do not wish to give up his friendship for that alone. I, too, would like an answer to Peach Blossom's question. My favorite author is E. P. Roe. I have read several of his works, and I think "Barriers Burned Away" is the best. I also like "Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace. I live in the country and help with the housework, knit, crochet and read every spare minute.—Irene.

An Enthusiastic School-Teacher.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I was one of the careless ones who wrote with a lead pencil; this time I shall try to do better in that respect at least. I think that school-teaching is one of the most pleasant, profitable and responsible duties on earth. Why can imagine a prettier scene than a group of happy, innocent, children gathered about their teacher, instinctively looking up to her as their model of perfection? Surely it is a vocation that should never be taken up without earnest and thoughtful deliberation.—Wilhelm.

A High Ideal.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—My ideal girl is one who is fairly or well educated, possessing morality or Christianity, also modesty, virtue, equanimity of mind and a pleasant disposition; one who is kind, affectionate, enterprising and frugal; one who is honest, truthful and courageous; one who is skilled in cooking, needle work and the general routine of household affairs; one who knows the value of money, and how to use it to good advantage; one who would aim to make the home pleasant and attractive; one who would not forget to be kind to a husband in adversity as well as prosperity.—Norman.

Blue Bell Again.

Good morning, girls. I wonder where Water Lily has gone? Ferne Hazelton, I can sympathize and imagine your disappointment. I think any young man who is a good, honest Christian can not help being truly noble. I would like to ask the girls how many of them like fall? I live in the country among the hills, where the scenery at this time is beautiful. Still I think it is the saddest time of year, when the leaves are falling, and the almost unbearable stillness makes me long for the birds and joyful spring once more.—Little Blue Bell.

INQUIRIES.

A Suffering Sister Asks for Aid—Which of Us Can Give It?

Will some one please send me a remedy for rheumatism? My joints are swelled and stiff; I am lame in one knee, and my feet are swelled.—Martin.

You will find a remedy for your trouble in the correspondence to-day. We hope it will benefit you.—Ed.

Can any one tell me what ails my baby? He is an unusually happy child, but every once in a while, when he is playing as contentedly as possible he will scream out as if in pain, and cry until the tears roll down his face. In a few minutes it passes off, and he seems all right again. Our doctor says nothing ails him, but I don't believe he would "cry tears" for nothing.—Anxious Mother.

Will some one please send recipe for artificial maple syrup?—Mary H. Cox.

Will some one tell me about "Home Missionary Work" in the West or South? In what branches of study must one be thorough?—"J. M. Z."

I would be obliged for a remedy to prevent my hair from falling out. Please do not recommend anything that has not been tried, or that will change the color of the hair.—"Fred."

Can any one tell me of a good remedy for croup? Also, an inexpensive way for framing steel engravings?—J. H. Biggs.

ANSWERS.

Satisfactory Solutions to Various Vexed Questions.

Mrs. Fred Wolfe: A tea of tobacco will greatly help your chickens. Give it to them as a drink, or soak bread in the tea and feed to them.—Indiana Wife.

Have ready a dish full of hot, soft, water, and a cake of any good soap. Dip the soap in the water, and rub it on the spot to be cleaned. Wring a cloth out of the hot water and wash the soap off thoroughly; repeat until the spot disappears; rub dry as possible with another cloth and the result will be most satisfactory.—Mrs. Rice.

Some one asks for a recipe for bleaching clothes. I send this, as I know it is good:

"For 36 yards of muslin, take 1 lb. of chloride of lime, (can be purchased at any drug store); put the muslin to soak in warm (not hot) rain water; let stand all night, or long enough to become thoroughly wet; dissolve your chloride of lime in 3 qts. of hot rain water; strain this solution through a thin cloth into a tub in which has been poured about 9 or 10 gals. of warm rain water; wring out your muslin and put it in and allow it to remain 20 or 30 minutes, stirring and lifting up frequently to the air; rinse in several waters and hang in the air to dry." If this is followed strictly, you will have beautifully whitened cloth. Do not wet your cloth in hot water nor put any soap in it. I have tried bleaching cloth after it had been scalded, and it did not do so well. Of course, you can proportion it to a less number of yards. Use an iron or porcelain kettle to dissolve your lime in."—Minnesota May.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

C. D. WARNER, THE AUTHOR OF "MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

How He Chanced to Lead a Literary Life—Editor of the Hartford Courant for Many Years.

Charles Dudley Warner is a writer who, without being brilliant, is always entertaining. The graceful flow of his language makes the reader feel as if it were one of the easiest things in the world to write just as he does; which is, I take it, a proof that his style is that of a real artist. It is, at any rate, one that pleases and he finds many readers.

He was born something over 60 years ago on a farm in Plainfield, Mass. After his father died he went with his mother to Cazenovia, N. Y.,

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

and here he became acquainted with Joseph R. Hawley, who afterwards was prominent as general in the Civil War, governor of Connecticut and senator. Mr. Hawley evidently took a great fancy to young Warner as events proved later on.

After graduating at Hamilton College, Mr. Warner tried his hand at surveying and then at law. His disposition may be known by the fact that he was continually urging his clients to settle their difficulties amicably rather than to fight, in consequence losing his prospective fees in many cases.

He had considerable taste for letters, and this was developed into journalism through Mr. Hawley who had removed to Hartford and owned the Press of that city. An offer of $800 a year brought Mr. Warner there in 1860, and when the war broke out and Mr. Hawley enlisted—being the first man in Connecticut to do so—he was left in entire charge of the paper. The ability with which he conducted it enabled the owners to buy the Courant which had been the leading journal in the Nutmeg state since 1764. It was in this paper that those experiences in the cultivation of a garden appeared which eventually became "Summer in a Garden" and made the author famous.

A funny story is told about his handwriting. During the war when he was writing vigorous and patriotic editorials, one of the compositors came to him and announced his intention of enlisting. Mr. Warner commended the man for his perception of duty. "Oh," replied the typesetter; "it isn't that, but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your blanked copy." It was rather severe upon Mr. Warner's chirography, but in fact he is a quick and nervous writer, and sometimes when his thoughts run faster than his pen, the result is not encouraging to those who have to decipher the production.

Mr. Warner has traveled extensively abroad besides making a most thorough study of his own country, as his later works show. Some of his books are as follows: "My Winter on the Nile;" "In the Levant;" "My Summer in a Garden;" "Backlog Studies," "Saunterings;" "In the Wilderness," "On Horseback," and others.

His home is now, as it has been for many years, in Hartford, Conn., his house standing between Harriet Beecher Stowe's upon one side and Mark Twain's upon the other. It is a large, airy building described as possessing an air of hospitality which makes itself felt to the incomer at once. The furnishings are said to be unlike those of any other house anywhere, many of them having been purchased during his and Mrs. Warner's travels, and, therefore, possessing an individuality and a history.

Some of the characteristics of Mr. Warner's writings are an easy, graceful flow of sentences, a ready wit, and a good-natured satire. His descriptive powers are excellent, the pictures which he presents being truthful, if not always charming.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

A story I'll tell of two little girls
Who thought they were very wise;
When they went to their bed on Christmas eve
They said, "We'll not shut our eyes;

But lie and listen as still as we can be
Till we hear old Santa's bells;
And then get a peep at his turnout gay
And see all the story tells."

The time seemed so long, they impatient grew;
"Perhaps old Santa had come,
And the merry sound of his tinkling bells
Could not reach our close shut room."

So out of bed went the little bare feet,
And crept to the chimney side;
And Bessie looked in the stockings' top;
"He hasn't come yet!" she cried.

So back they went to listen again,
And when next they crept to see
From the tiny toes way up to the top
Were as full as full could be.

They are wond'ring still how it happened so
That they got never a peep;
I could explain to them just how it was,
They both had been fast asleep.
—Entertainment.

MISS PAULINA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

It was recreation hour in Madame Le Monde's Select School for Young Ladies; sixteen of us were in an unwonted state of excitement. We had just received invitation cards to a Christmas Eve party at Miss Paulina Manville's. Sylvia Deprez held up her card, which read:

"Miss Paulina Manville requests the pleasure of your company on Christmas Eve, December 25, 1849, from 7 till 10."

Miss Prudence and Wealthy Peachblow will assist in receiving and entertaining guests."

"Now, if this isn't a windfall," exclaimed Dorothy Doane. "I'm starved for a first-class, all around old-fashioned Christmas feast! The diet here is a thin as the French particles, and —well, I call this perfectly splendid. Next, Miss Antonette Dufour." Dorothy Doane waived her white hand in the direction of a tall, graceful girl, apparently slightly older than her companions.

"It's very nice of Miss Paulina, I am sure. More than we could expect. We must show our appreciation in some special way," Antoinette returned in pure Parisian French. "Dorothy must write a poem, I will fashion a wreath of flowers, and Sylvia there can give her the embroidered footstool, which is a credit to this establishment."

The speaker colored violently as she saw that Madame had already entered the room. The invitations were exhibited, and met with instant and hearty approval, for was not Miss Paulina a near friend and benefactor of the select school?

She was the sole heir now of the Manville estates, and what more natural, since she had no near relatives, than that she should leave a goodly sum to this perfectly well ordered and very superior institution!

She had given it a library and paintings of value, and made a point to visit it at least once a month, making friends of all the girls by her gracious and gentle ways. Miss Paulina was a graceful and beautiful woman, showing only in her silvered hair that Time had touched her. She was always well dressed in the fashion of the day. Tarrytown people looked upon her as a model of all excellence, pronouncing her a "wonderful woman, descended from irreproachable ancestry." Trouble, too, she had had, as is the common lot, but she had borne it bravely and uncomplainingly, cheering and urging on all who lagged by the way.

Parson Kent, who had led the people of Tarrytown in the covenant of grace for more than twenty years, declared that Miss Paulina was a living sermon better than any man could preach. Father and mother and three sisters had long slept in the Tarrytown church yard. One brother, Captain Manville, had died of yellow fever at sea, and Tom, handsome, noble Tom, was supposed to have been lost in a storm on the Mediterranean. John Manville, her father, had followed the sea for thirty years, but for some time previous to his death had remained at home, enjoying the comfortable fortune he had amassed.

He talked constantly of Tom, the beloved youngest son, in the few weeks which preceded his death. He fought over again a battle with pirates that had once attacked the

"Louisiana," the name of his vessel. He spoke of Agnes, Paulina's twin sister, who married an adventurer, went with him to Italy, and never returned. It was on a Christmas Eve when he folded his hands and went to sleep so quietly that Miss Paulina scarcely knew when he ceased to breathe.

"It is better to work than to weep" reasoned Miss Paulina; so wherever she went there were smiles and help and good cheer. She had one of those rare faces that never grow old. One that was stamped with the divine impress of eternal youth!

In the days that intervened we were busy, out of study hours, with our simple gifts for our beloved friend.

Madame Le Monde with her colors and brushes was making "a picture grow," but she did not show it to us.

"You will see," she said, in her impulsive French way, "it's my grande effort!" Her bright eyes were actually full of tears. "An inspiration, of course!" Dorothy Doane, the practical, unemotional Dorothy, said if there was any soul in art she couldn't find it and yet her daughter painted a picture that received honorable mention in the "Salon Exhibit" a year or two ago!

Our best dresses underwent inspection and refurbishing; Miss Paulina might surprise us by inviting in the Larrytown "beaux," though we had no reason to expect such a diversion. The Misses Peachblow had a handsome nephew in New York who visited them occasionally—might he not have the graciousness to appear at this particular time?

We all hoped he would! Life was rather dull for us at "Madame's select school," and the prospect of anything new caused a flutter in our girlish hearts.

Two weeks was a long time to be in such a state of expectancy, but the eventful evening came at last! Madame's picture, begun as we learned afterward, some months before, was completed. It represented a ship coming into the harbor at sunrise. One figure stood out in bold relief with eagerness of pose, as if to catch the first glimpse of home and friends. This figure seemed to remind us all of Miss Paulina's brother who never came back. Madame had called it "The Return;" she had indeed thrown her whole artist soul into this portrayal. Thoughtless girls as we were, we stood in awed admiration before her work. She was to chaperone us to the party. Judge Graydon's coach, the only one the town afforded, would bear the two loads from the "Seminary" to the Manvalle mansion. The Misses Peachblow, in grey brocades stiff and rustling, met us at the door! I think Miss Wealthy even touched her prim lips to each guests's cheek as with a stately courtesy she ushered them in. The old mansion was all aglow with light, and warmth and twining wreaths of holly and mistletoe!

No pains or expense had been spared to render this a happy and notable occasion. Miss Prudence Peachblow—ah, there was her nephew by her side!—played the accordion, and behind her chair were Douglass and Harry Vane, Tarrytown boys, or young men, who were of the select few that we were permitted to associate with.

Not one of us dared to be romantic enough to go outside the proscribed limit of our gentleman acquaintances. There never had been any unpleasant episodes, with one exception, in connection with Madame Lemonde's select school. One Helen McCollum had eloped with a handsome young military captain from the very doors of the seminary, but this incident was not even mentioned inside the school walls; it was strictly forbidden.

"It grows warm within; let's promenade." Twolnette touched my arm when the pleasures of the evening were at their height. Throwing our wraps around us, we advanced to the long porch which crossed the front and one side of the Manville mansion. It was not severely cold, but a clear, star-lit sky as full of beauty as when the shepherds saw the star and the Babe was born in Bethlehem. Some one, a man, slunk away from the corner of the long porch. My heart stood still, and I grasped

TWO NEVER'S.

NEVER let blankets remain in service after they are soiled. Dirt rots the fibre and invites moths.

NEVER wash a blanket with anything but Ivory Soap. Don't use either very hot or cold water. Dry quickly. This preserves all the softness of the flannel.

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'Twolnette's arm convulsively. "A robber!" whispered I, too fear stricken to run or scream.

"Bah!" answered 'Twolnette. "What want you here?" she cried, running after him. He had passed to the front of the house and stood with his hand on the old-fashioned knocker.

He lifted his hat now and begged our pardon for frightening us. "Is this Miss Paulina Manville's?" He interrogated with a half smile on his handsome face. He certainly did not look much like a tramp or a robber, and my fears instantly vanished.

"Will you be so good as to tell me what goes on within? I was just looking when you saw me, hoping to catch a glimpse of my—of Miss Paulina's face."

"It is a party for the young ladies of the seminary," returned 'Twolnette in her broken English, which had a charm about it any one would confess.

"A Christmas party?" The handsome stranger showed some very fine teeth when he spoke again. "Does Miss Paulina live here alone?"

"Alone with her servants—her family are all dead," I returned, thinking the stranger very inquisitive.

"Well, I have a message for her—a Christmas present," he replied slowly, "but perhaps I had better not disturb her now."

At this moment Miss Paulina herself opened the door. She started at sight of the manly figure in the heavy coat. "Why, girls!" her voice was low and grieved.

"I wish to speak with Miss

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

SECRETARY CARLISLE'S REPORT.

His Discussion of Several New Taxing Schemes.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The annual report of Secretary Carlisle was sent to both houses of Congress to-day.

The secretary discusses at considerable length the following general topics, viz: "Condition of the treasury," "currency legislation," "review of the revenue laws."

What the secretary has to say on these questions follows: "During the first five months of the present fiscal year the expenditures of the government have exceeded its receipts to the amount of $29,918,095.66. There has been not only a decrease of receipts, but also an increase of expenditures during this period as compared with the corresponding five months of the last fiscal year. The revenues from customs have fallen off $23,589,829.74; from internal taxes, $7,866,667.96, and from miscellaneous receipts, $324,-152.39.

"The result of these changes is that on the first day of December, 1893, the actual net balance in the treasury, after deducting the bank note 5 per cent redemption fund, outstanding drafts and checks, disbursing officer's balance ,agency accounts, and the gold reserve was only $11,-928,448.25, and of the total amount held $12,347,517.80 was in subsidiary silver and minor coins.

"I have therefore, estimated a probable deficiency of $28,000,000 at the close of the year, and if Congress concurs in this view of the situation, it will be incumbent upon it to make some provision for raising that amount as soon as practicable, by this action or otherwise.

He Wants to Issue Bonds.

"On account of the difficulty of securing such a sum within the time it would be required by the imposition and collection of additional taxes, I recommend that the third section of the act to provide for the resumption of specie payments, approved January 14, 1875, which confers authority upon the secretary of the treasury to issue and sell certain descriptions of United States bonds, be so amended as to authorize him to issue and sell, at not less than par in coin bonds to an amount not exceeding $200,000,000, bearing a lower rate of interest and having a shorter time to run than those now provided for, and that he be permitted to use, from time to time, such part of the proceeds as may be necessary to supply any deficiencies in the public revenue that may occur during the fiscal year 1894 and 1895.

If the authority now existing should be so modified as to empower the secretary of the Treasury to issue the bonds in denominations or sums of twenty-five dollars and its multiples, they could be readily disposed of through the sub treasuries and postoffices without the agency or intervention of banks or other financial institutions and without the payment of commissions. Such bonds would assure to the people at large an opportunity to convert their surplus earnings into a form of security which, while it would be perfectly safe, would not only increase in value by reason of accumulating interest, but be at all times available as a means of procuring money when needed; nd the experience of this and other countries justifies the confident belief that such a plan would be popular and successful.

The necessity of the extension of the power of the secretary to procure and maintain a larger reserve for the resumption of U. S. currency must, I think, be evident to every one who has given serious thought to the subject. At the date of the resumption of specie payment, Jan. 1, 1879, the only form of currency, other than coin certificates, which the government was required or authorized by law to redeem in coin on presentation, was the old legal tender notes, then and now amounting to $346,681,016, and it was considered by the secretary of the Treasury that a coin reserve of a hundred million dollars would constitute a sufficient basis for the maintenance of that amount of currency at par. The correctness of this conclusion was shown by the fact that, so long as there was no material increase in the volume of paper redeemable by the government, the reserve remained unimpaired and no serious disturbances occurred in our monetary system; but under the act of July 14, 1890, additional treasury notes have been issued to the amount of $155,930,940, of which there are now outstanding $153,318,224, thus making the direct government obligations in U. S. currency amount to the sum of $499,999,240, all of which the secretary of the treasury is now required by law to redeem in coin on presentation. Besides this, there have been coined under authority of law $419,332,550 in legal tender silver, upon which certificates have been issued to the amount of $334,138,504, and as Congress, in the act of July 14, 1890, declares it to be "the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law," an additional reason now exists for conferring upon the secretary the unquestionable authority to provide for such contingencies as may arise.

The unsatisfactory condition of our currency legislation has been for many years a cause of much discussion and disquietude among the people, and although one great disturbing element has been removed there still remain such inconsistencies in the laws and such differences between the forms and qualities of the various kinds of currency in use that private business is sometimes obstructed and the treasury department is constantly embarrassed in conducting the fiscal operations of the government.

There are now in circulation nine different kinds of currency, all except two being dependent directly or indirectly upon the credit of the United States. One statute requires the secretary of the treasury to redeem the old legal tender notes in coin on presentation and another compels him to reissue them, so that, no matter how often they are redeemed, they are never actually paid and extinguished. The act of July 14, 1890, provides that the treasury notes issued in payment for silver bullion shall be redeemed in gold or silver coin at the discretion of the secretary and when so redeemed may be reissued; but the same act also provides that no greater or less amount of such notes shall be outstanding at any time than the cost of the silver bullion and the standard silver dollars coined therefrom then held in the treasury purchased by such notes,and consequently when these notes are redeemed with silver coined from the bullion purchased under the act, they cannot be reissued, but must be retired and cancelled, for otherwise there would be a greater amount of notes outstanding than the cost of the bullion and coined dollars, "then held in the treasury," in this manner notes to the amount of $2,625,984 have been retired and cancelled since August last, and standard silver dollars have taken their places in the circulation.

If redeemed in gold coin the notes might be lawfully retired or reissued in the discretion of the secretary; but the condition of the treasury has been, and is now such that practically no discretion exists, for the reason that the necessities of the public service and the requirements of the coin reserve compel him to reissue them in defraying the expenditures of the government, or in procuring coin to replenish that fund.

MONEY IN THE COUNTRY.

Why and How It Piles Up in Great Centers.

As already shown in this report, the amount of money in the country, outside of the treasury on the first day of December, 1893, was $112,404,947 greater than the amount outstanding on the first day of November 1892. This vast increase in the volume of outstanding currency, notwithstanding the enormous exports of gold during the year, is the result of several causes, among which may be mentioned the issue of treasury notes for the purchase of silver bullion, the excess of public expenditures over receipts, the additional circulation called for by the national banks during the late financial stringency, but the large imports of gold, which amounted during the months of July, August, September and October, 1893, to the sum of $55,785 526. That the amount of money in the country is greater than is required for the transaction of the business of the people at this time is conclusively shown by the fact that it has accumulated, and is still accumulating, in the financial centers to such an extent as to constitute a serious embarrassment to the banks in which it is deposited, many of which are holding large sums at a loss.

Too Much Money.

This excessive accumulation of currency at particular points is caused by the fact that there is no such demand for it elsewhere as will enable the banks and other institutions to which it belongs to loan it to the people at remunerative rates, and it will continue until the business of the country has more fully recovered from the depressing effects of the recent financial disturbance. Money does not create business, but business creates a demand for money and until there is such a revival of industry and trade as to require the use of the circulating medium now outstanding, it would be hazardous to arbitrarily increase its volume by law, or to make material changes in its character by disturbing in any manner the relations which its different forms now bear to each other.

WANTS MORE AUTHORITY.

Recommendations for the Secretary—Movement of Gold.

Under these circumstances it is, in my opinion, necessary not only that he should be clothed with full authority to procure and maintain an ample reserve in coin, but that the purposes for which such reserve is to be held and used should be made as comprehensive as the duty imposed upon him by law. The existence of such authority in a constantly available form would of itself inspire such confidence in the security and stability of our currency that its actual exercise might never become necessary; but the futility of declaring a specific policy and withholding the means which may become necessary for its execution is too apparent to require comment, and only on account of apprehensions as to the ability of the government under the legislation there existing to continue the current redemption of its notes in coin and maintain the parity of the two metals, the shipments of gold from this country during the fiscal year 1893 reached, as already stated in this report, the unprecedented amount of $108,690,844, nearly all of which was withdrawn from the public treasury by the presentation of notes for redemption.

Withdrawals of Gold.

During the three months next preceding the 7th day of March, 1893, when a change occurred in the administration of the Treasury department, the withdrawals of gold from the Treasury for export amounted to $34,146,000, and during the eight months which have elapsed since that time such withdrawals have amounted to $55,-259,650, or $2,113,650 more than during the preceding period of three months.

Gold in the Treasury.

The amount of free gold in the Treasury on the 7th day of March, 1893, was $100,-982,870, or $82,510 in excess of the lawful reserve; but by making exchanges of currency for gold with the banks in different parts of the country the amount was increased to $107,462,682 on the 25th of that month. Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts by the departments to maintain the hundred million dollar reserve intact, the presentation of notes for redemption to procure gold for shipment abroad continues to such an extent that on the 2d day of April, for the first time since the fund was established, it became necessary to use a part of it, and it was reduced to $95,482,557, but it was afterwards increased by exchanges of currency for gold so that on the 10th day of August it had been fully restored, and there was on hand $103,683,290 in free gold. By Oct. 19, however, it had been diminished by redemptions of currency and otherwise to the sum of $81,551,386, which is the lowest point it has ever reached.

MORE SILVER CERTIFICATES.

Carlisle's Plan to Keep Them in Circulation.

One of the principal difficulties encountered by the Treasury department results from the indisposition of the public to retain standard silver dollars and silver certificates in circulation. It requires constant effort on the part of the treasury officials to prevent the certificates especially from accumulating in the subtreasuries, to the exclusion of legal tender currency. Why this should be the case is not usually understood, for, although these certificates are not legal tender in the payment of private debts, they are, by the acts of 1876 and 1887, made receivable for all public dues, and by the act of May 12, 1882, National banks are authorized to hold them as part of their lawful reserve.

With the policy of maintaining equality in the exchangeable value of all our currency firmly established, and the further accumulation of silver coin arrested, there is no substantial reason why the silver certificate should not be as favorably received and as liberally treated by the public as any other form of note in circulation; and, for the purpose of creating a greater demand for their permanent use in the daily transactions of the people, I have directed that as far as the law permits, and as rapidly as the opportunity is afforded, the amount of such certificates of denominations less than $10, shall be increased by substituting them for larger ones to be retired, and that the small denominations of other kinds of currency shall be retired as they are received into the treasury, and larger ones substituted in their places.

Outstanding Treasury Notes.

There are now outstanding United States legal tender notes to the amount of $87,-544,941, in denominations less than $10; treasury notes issued under the act of 1890, of denominations less than $10, $54,688,-489, and National bank notes, $63,281,916. There is express authority in the act of August 4, 1886, to substitute small silver certificates for larger ones, and the secretary of the Treasury who has power to make such changes as he may deem proper in the denominations of the treasury notes issued under the act of July 14, 1890, but Congress in the sundry civil appropriation act, approved March 3, 1893, provided that no part of the money therein appropriated to defray the expenses of the bureau of engraving and printing, should be expended for printing United States legal tender notes of larger denominations than those retired or canceled. As the law now specifically designates the denominations in which national bank notes shall be issued, and cannot be changed without further legislation, consequently during the present fiscal year at least, the $54,688,-489 in small treasury notes are the only ones that can be lawfully retired to enlarge the use of small silver certificates.

Small Silver Certificates.

I am of the opinion that if this policy can be carried out to the extent of supplying the country with small silver certificates to an amount sufficient to conduct the ordinary cash transactions of the people, and if, during the same time, certificates of the largest denominations were issued in the places of others retired, so as to encourage the national banks to hold them as their lawful reserves, the existing difficulties would be removed, and ultimately a larger amount of such currency than is now in circulation could be conveniently and safely used.

SILVER IN THE TREASURY.

The Mints in New Orleans and San Francisco to Coin More.

The Treasury now holds 140,639,760 fine ounces of silver bullion, purchased under the act of July 14, 1890, at a cost of $126,758,218, and which, at the legal ratio of 15.988 to make 181,914,899 silver dollars. The act provided that after the first day of July, 1891, the secretary of the Treasury was authorized and directed to coin purchased under it as might be necessary to provide for the redemption of the notes, and that any gain or seignorage arising from such coinage should be accounted for and paid into the Treasury.

It is plain from this and other provisions of the act that so much of the bullion as may be necessary, when coined, to provide for the redemption of the entire amount of the notes outstanding is pledged for that purpose, and cannot be lawfully used for any other; but it was decided by the late attorney general and by my predecessor in office that the so-called gain or seignorage resulting from the coinage as it progressed constituted a part of the general assets of the Treasury, and that certificates could be legally issued upon it, notwithstanding the act of 1890 is silent upon the latter subject.

The coinage of the whole amount of this bullion, which would employ our mints, with their present capacities, for a period of about five years, would, at the existing ratio, increase the silver circulation during the time named $55,156,681 from seignorage, besides such additions as might be made in the meantime by the redemption of the treasury notes issued for the silver dollars. The department might be in a condition to comply with any increases in demand that may be made upon it by the public for standard silver dollars or silver certificates, or that it might take advantage of any favorable opportunity that may occur to put an additional amount of such currency in circulation without unduly disturbing the monetary situation, I have caused a large amount of bullion to be prepared for coinage at New Orleans and San Francisco and have ordered the mints at those places to be kept in readiness to commence operations at any time when required.

REVENUES FOR 1895.

There Will Be a Deficiency of $28,000,000.

It is estimated that the revenues for the fiscal year 1895 will amount, upon the basis of existing laws, to $430,121,565.30, and that the expenditures, including the sinking fund, will amount to $468,121,-365.30, or a deficit of $28,000,000. The estimated revenue from customs is $190,000,000, and the total estimated receipts from all sources will exceed the estimate of expenditures $6,120,958. Assuming these amounts to be approximately correct, it will be necessary in any changes that may be made in our revenue laws to provide for raising about $184,000,-000 from customs alone, or partly from customs and partly from such other subjects of taxation as Congress may see proper to include in our internal revenue system.

Will Be a Deficiency.

If the amount and value of the importations of the same character of dutiable merchandise should not, during the fiscal year 1895, exceed the amount and value of such importation during the fiscal year 1893, the receipts under the measure now pending would be about $122,000,000.

WANTS AN INCOME TAX

And an Increase on Liquors and Cigars to Supply Deficiencies.

I am of the opinion that with proper economy in public expenditures, which it is hoped will result in a considerable reduction from the estimates, an increase of $50,000,000 to the revenue for the fiscal year of 1895, by the imposition of additional taxes under the internal revenue system, will supply sufficient means for the support of the government, and that this sum can be raised without seriously disturbing the business of the country, or doing injustice to any part of the people. Many different methods of providing this additional revenue have been suggested and discussed, and after a careful examination of the whole subject I have reached the conclusion that it could be most conveniently and justly raised by increasing the tax on distilled spirits ten cents per gallon, and by additional taxes on cigars and cigarettes, and the imposition of new taxes on playing cards, oleomargarine, bankers' checks, legacies and successions, and incomes derived from investments in stocks and bonds of corporations and joint stock companies.

Taxing Liquors and Cigars.

The increased tax on distilled spirits, cigars and cigarettes should be imposed upon all such articles in existence, and upon which the revenue has not been collected, at the time the act takes effect, but a reasonable time should be allowed in the cases of the new taxes in order that the necessary stamps may be prepared and distributed, and the necessary rules and regulations made and promulgated.

An Income Tax.

When the necessities of the government compel it to resort to additional sources for procuring revenue, it is the duty of its legislators to make requisitions mainly upon those whose possessions are of such a character as enables them to escape, wholly or partially, the general burdens of taxation, rather than upon those who are already taxed substantially to the extent of their ability to pay; and as incomes from capital invested in the stocks and securities of the institutions mentioned in the existing law are not subject to taxation under any law of the United States, or the laws of the several states, except in a few instances, it can not be considered unjust to exact a small percentage of their amount for the public use.

Taxing Capital.

It is a generally recognized fact that capital in the form of money, bonds, and other evidences of debt does not usually, by reason of its peculiar and intangible nature, bear its due proportions of the burdens of taxation under the revenue laws of the several states and municipalities, as compared with real estate and visible personal property; and while no discrimination should be made against it, whether it be represented by corporate or other investments, there appears to be no good reason why the contributions from the support of the public service generally should be equalized as nearly as possible by including this kind of property in the federal revenue system.

Mr. Carlisle on Franchises, etc.

But if it shall be said that there is no better reason for imposing a tax upon incomes derived from investments of this kind than there would be in taxing incomes from other sources, the answer is that these investments are invested by law with valuable franchises, privileges, and immunities not enjoyed by the individual citizen, and that these frequently contribute more largely to their earning capacity than the character or value of their other property. The holders of their stocks and securities are in this respect more favored than their fellow-citizens generally, and the property of its valued at their shares and bonds, as well as the annual incomes derived from them are greatly increased because they are so favored.

Tax of One Per Cent.

A tax of 1 per cent upon an income of $2,000 derived from the investment of $50,000 in a 6 per cent stock would amount to $30, a sum so insignificant that the investor could not reasonably claim that the franchises and privileges granted to his debtor had not added fully that much to his receipts.

MINORITY REPORT ON THE WILSON TARIFF BILL.

Republican Members of the Ways and Means Committee Record Their Just Sentiments Against This Destructive and Dangerous Measure.

Washington, Dec. 22.—The report of the minority members of the ways and means committee on the tariff bill has been submitted to the House. The first part of the report, discussing the bill generally, was prepared by ex-Speaker Reed. The other members of the minority, Messrs. Burrows, Payne, Dalzell, Hopkins and Gear, prepared the portion of the report dealing with special features. The report says:

Surprising Things in the Bill.

The most surprising thing about this bill which we will treat of in detail somewhat later is the fact that this proposition to raise revenue will lower the revenue of this country $74,000,000 below the revenue of 1883, which was only $2,000,000 above our expenses. This fact and the other fact that by this bill the larger part of the burden of taxation is transferred from foreigners and brought to our citizens, should always be kept in mind during the discussion.

Had the committee, in making what the chairman on the floor of the House has called "a political bill," followed the plain, uncompromising declaration of the party which they represent, and abolished protection, giving us a tariff for revenue only, our task in commenting upon the result of the committee's efforts would have been much more simple. The bill would then have been a straightforward, manly attempt to carry out pledged, and would have placed in issue two great principles, and have led to a clear and comprehensible discussion.

So far, however, have the committee departed from the demands of their national convention that we should have been much tempted to borrow a phrase from their own platform and designate the bill as a "cowardly makeshift," were it not that the results have been already too serious for mere epithets. Such a phrase even thus sanctioned would be out of place in a discussion which involves so much of importance to all classes of citizens. It still, however, remains a fact that the bill presented can in no way be justified by people who claim to have obtained possession of all branches of the government upon a distinct promise which they now as distinctly repudiate.

If it should be said that these pledges, solemnly made on a yea and nay vote, after full discussion, were not intended for action, then the breaking of the pledges has the additional disadvantages of premeditation. If subsequent events—and they have been numerous and weighty enough to startle the country—have convinced the committee that the Democratic platform is as utterly wrong and indefensible as history will know it to be, then it is a great misfortune to this country that the committee did not have the courage to openly abandon the false doctrine and leave the country undisturbed, so that it might convalesce from the shock of its great mistake.

But the committee, instead of proceeding in its great work of abolishing protection and preserving the people from the load of taxation which, they have always averred, was the result of protection; and presented a bill which is only another tariff-tinkering bill, the like of which has disturbed the conditions of business so many times the last thirty years. It is a great misfortune that such is the case, for had the bill been for revenue only, in the only sense possible for that term, the people of this country might have seen at one glance whether they desire the one policy or the other, and the question might have been settled once for all and the country might have attained to that repose, stability and certainty which our business prosperity so much needs.

This other and fresher plan has all the faults which the framers of this bill charged upon the old, and very few of its virtues. It is open to all the derisive and harsh epithets with which the present system used to be overwhelmed. It taxes the people. It creates, or rather proposes to maintain what they used to call privileged classes, and is defended by its authors by arguments and expressions strangely like those which they used so freely to denounce. A manufacturer is told that the duty will protect him, and his claims are listened to on that basis, and are argued with him on that basis, just as in the brave days of old.

The Democratic district attorney of the northern district of New York, comes down, as he had a right to and declares that from a protection standpoint, barley and malt cannot go together under the same ad valorem, and promptly the committee raise the tariff taxes from 25 per cent to 30, to protect the manufacturer, though it must lessen the revenue.

Keys to Strange Notions.

So also some one has presented persuasively the cause of boards, planed, tongued and grooved, to the committee, and although the lumber passes in the mill, plant, from the saws to the planers, the work of the men who manage the saws is unprotected while the work of the men who run the planer is shielded by protective tariff taxes. These are but instances of corrections made where the ear of the committee could be had and are keys to the notions on which the bill was formed.

Free Raw Materials.

The new plan also involves a new method of encouraging manufacturers by giving them what are called "free raw materials," so that what goes into the mill pays no taxes, and what goes into consumption pays all the taxes. The manufacturers have no taxes on what they buy and the people the equivalent of taxes on all they purchase. It unfortunately happens also that "free raw material" is an elastic term, and what is one man's free raw material is another man's finished product.

These so-called free raw materials, free wool, free coal and free iron are not put on the free list with any reference direct or indirect to raising revenue. They are placed there to encourage manufacturers who are to be compensated for any loss in this market by the markets of the world where they will have the chance to struggle with the cheaper labor of the old world with whatever energy they may have left after the struggle at home with the same cheaper labor in their own markets by a lower tariff which does not give us the compensation even of a larger revenue.

All the objections so often urged by the dominant party against the existing system, we repeat, lie against this bill. The difference is only one of a degree. If the present system be "robbery," as these men have declared, and reiterated, the proposed system is precisely the same. It is true that the consumer will no longer pay tribute to the Western farmer for the wool or the sheep, but the New England and other manufacturers are still authorized to lay tribute upon the citizens of the United States who must pay, these men have always said, 30, 40, and 45 per cent or more on everything in the line of woolens and worsteds, while the country will only receive, by way of revenue, a lessened sum unless increased importations signalize the death of American production.

It is true that the coal miners of West Virginia and the ore producers of Michigan will be stripped of their so-called robber gains, and the ruffians of labor must lose their transportation of millions of tons of freight, but the manufacturers are thereby stimulated and aided so that they can, we should infer, operate as they still continue their profitable business here and reach across the ocean for the business of other countries, "and foreign trade without limit."

If, as it is asseverated, the 70,000,000 of American people have been for thirty years taxed for the benefit of a few hundred thousands of favored individuals, why should the taxation be continued, even in diminished ration for another series of years, and these few hundred thousand favored creatures be given a new lease of life?

The practice of the Democratic platform that protection is robbery and should be abolished is comprehensible and stu dy. The new movement on behalf of mutilated and sporadic robbery is equally plain to good morals and public faith. All false pretenses are unwise, contrary to sound policy and sound statesmanship. Hence many of us who are sure that the Democratic platform was conceived in error submitted its straightforwardness and directness. This bill, framed by those who represented the platform, cannot receive the kind of praise. It pretends to be a revenue tariff, and it is not. It is a protection bill, it tends to give protection, but destroys it in every direct way. It says to the manufacturers, for you we have furnished free coal free iron ore, free wool and the markets of the world.

Instead of the markets of the world it furnishes in the future a new crop of enemies—the men who dig in the mines and the farmers who raise the sheep—and really creates what it considers enemies have falsely charged against Republican protection, a privileged class against which the mines and the fields will both array themselves, and they will have a sympathizing mind in which we be so much in addition to the general misfortune of this bill.

Another serious objection to the bill is that it decreases the revenue according to the calculations usually made by the Treasury department as compared with 1893, about $74,000,000. This large deficit, coming as it does upon a depleted treasury, is rather appalling in a time of profound and general depression. A great hole in our resources as a nation is to be filled, no one knows. At this date not even the committee itself knows, unless the President, anticipating in his message to Congress the report of the committee on Ways and Means, shall afford to the committee itself its wished-for clue.

Against the consideration of such a bill, entailing such a deficit, leaving it unaccounted for, the minority vainly protested when the bill was laid before the committee. Who would dare, of sound and statesmanship mind, to accept a deficit of $74,000,000, and blindly vote it, with no plan in sight whereby the government could meet its expenditures?

That same protest we make to the House and the country.

The bill ought not to be reported without the internal revenue bill, which is to make up the deficiency. Are we to pass the bill and then be coerced into the other? Who knows if they were presented together that we might not prevent its stay where we are? The progress of this attempt at what has been called reform has already created such feeling that the country is stirred all over. What the scheme of raising taxes by means is used in the time of war is presented, in addition to those now imposed, there may be such further revulsion of feeling as will accomplish the work of defeating this bill.

Cannot Rejoice at Its Passage.

While as party men we might rejoice at its passage, as citizens of the United States we think the exigencies of the present time are superior to even the most dear political advantages, and advise that the bill do not pass.

We have not thought it desirable to make any appeals to passion or to prejudice; so far from that, we have taken time for the study of the condition of business now which is terrible, and of the working men, which beggars description.

Country is Presenting Itself.

There is no need for us to present this to the country. It is presenting itself. In one hundred representative cities where the number employed exceeds two millions and a half of people fully one third, by the most conservative estimate, are without employment. These are engaged in the protected industries. Those who are not, and thought they were beyond the touch of the tariff, now know the solid fact, that all industries are protectors or none. Spread this all over the country, as one must, and the result will startle even the unthinking. It is not necessary for us to bring this to public view. No incendiary can kindle our or everybody's face and eyes. Workingmen all over the country are expressing their deep and sorrowful feeling. We will not strive in any way to increase the turmoil which this bill has already created. All we can be put to all this by the defeat of this bill, and to the accomplishing of this every energy should be bent. The best way to put an end to this condition is to put an end to the causes.

SPIRITED REPLY TO CLEVELAND BY JOHN L. STEVENS.

He Accuses the President of Gross Abuse of Power and of Misstating Facts.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 21.—Ex-Minister Stevens last night made the following reply to President Cleveland's message and his criticisms of Mr. Stevens's official conduct:

"Only once in our political history has a majority of the Congress of the United States solemnly resolved in favor of impeaching the occupant of the executive chair. Probably it was well that the effort to remove Andrew Johnson from his office was arrested just on the brink of success.

"The great reluctance of the conservative men of the country to remove the chief executive for abuse of power seems to have encouraged President Cleveland to resort to the extraordinary measure of overturning the provisional government of Hawaii while, as much as possible, concealing his arbitrary design from the American Congress and the American people. Look at the historical facts dispassionately, and no one will deny that the lines of usurpation and injustice on which President Cleveland and the secretary of State have acted since the 7th of March last, coupled with the ex parte star chamber course of Commissioner Blount relative to the testimony of Liliuokalani's fallen and corrupt ministers, and more sweeping and more hostile to Anglo-Saxon liberty than the acts of George III and Lord North's ministry, who drove the American colonies to successful revolt. There is nothing in American history more shameful in its scope of injustice and tyranny than the attempt of President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham to crush out liberty and American interests in Hawaii by the threat to restore the extinct Hawaiian monarchy by force of arms or by diplomatic chicanery and pressure, more infamous, if possible, than the use of ball and bayonet.

"President Cleveland's special message, in which he so severely criticizes the course of the recent American minister at Honolulu, is but a feeble repetition of the statement of Secretary Gresham, previously published. In my answer to Blount's report, extensively published in the United States, I showed conclusively, as did Minister Thurston and other thoroughly responsible witnesses have shown, that the allegations in that report against the official conduct of Capt. Wiltse and myself are grossly untrue, are in manifest antagonism to all the reasonable probabilities and logic of the situation in Honolulu in January last.

"President Cleveland's grossly untrue and shamefully unjust allegation against myself and the naval commander rests entirely on the statements of the four notoriously corrupt ministers of the fallen Queen, of Wilson, the Queen's favorite, and other thoroughly discredited testimony.

He Didn't Use Force.

"I repeat here what has been amply verified again and again, that neither by force nor by threat of force, nor by any action of mine, was the fall of the monarchy precipitated. From an hour on which I entered on my duties as the head of the United States legation to the termination of my official responsibility, I maintained the determination to call on the naval commander for aid only in the event that American life and property were in danger. Cautiously but firmly, perhaps sometimes too silently, I made this my fixed rule of action, not only to the representatives of the Queen, but to the leaders of the parties who saw no safe alternative for the welfare of the islands, but in the total abolishment of the monarchy. If President Cleveland sees fit to make a point against my official conduct that months before the events of last January I had advocated annexation, he deliberately and purposely conceals that what I said in my dispatch in November, 1892, was a confidential statement to the state department of state of the true condition of affairs in Hawaii, a report of facts which, by the established rules and practice of diplomacy, I was in duty bound to make known to my government.

"At the date my opinions were so privately held that both in Honolulu and California it was believed that the American minister was averse to annexation for months prior to the date of this dispatch. There had been a continual struggle between the legislature and the Queen as to their respective rights regarding the constitution and the responsibility of the cabinet ministry after the ministry had been appointed by votes of the legislature and of responsible public opinion.

"The Queen, her immoral favorite, Wilson, and the lottery ring, openly defied the legislature and the property-holders of the islands. Only the remarkable self-possession of the respectable and responsible men of the islands prevented an outbreak and the overthrow of the monarchy at an earlier day. The self-possession and forbearance of the men thus defied by the monarchy and its parasites were remarkable, considering that they were enduring abuses and scandals which no American city or state would tolerate 30 days."

Mr. Stevens then repeated in detail the statement of what occurred at the time of the overthrow of the monarchy denying in toto many of President Cleveland's statements.

FOREIGN.

ARRIVAL OF THE MARIPOSA.

On the Surface Everything is Quiet at Honolulu—The Corwin Arrived With Dispatches—Willis Won't Talk.

Honolulu, Dec. 14.—The last news received here from the United States was by a sailing vessel which arrived December 11. The barkentine George Perkins brought the text of ex-Queen Liliuokalani's statement, as given to Commissioner Blount. Prominent royalists, among whom were ex-Marshal Charles B. Wilson, admitted at once that the statements by the ex-queen was virtually correct and set forth in a succinct manner the claims relied upon by the ex-queen's party.

Interviews held with leading annexationists showed that the effect of the admissions. They hold that the ex-queen in admitting she had prepared a new constitution which she was ready to force upon the foreigners has admitted the groundwork upon which the revolution of last January was based.

In an interview with ex-Marshall Charles B. Wilson, that gentleman said that his report given Mr. Blount was supplemental to the ex-queen's and would explain many things which were not stated in detail by her. Careful inquiry shows that several portions of Mr. Wilson's statement to Mr. Blount were cancelled before it left Hawaii, and if the testimony of persons who claim to know shall have weight his deposition to Blount will not reach the American public in its original shape, as presented to the American commission.

Are Waiting for the Alameda.

At the present writing the political situation at Honolulu is in a state of abeyance waiting the news expected to arrive by the steamer Alameda, due on the 21st inst.

Since the diplomatic notes exchanged between the provisional government and Minister Willis nothing further has transpired. In the meantime the provisional government is carrying out the plans of defense already reported, and the last 5,000 sand-bags are being filled to-day, to be placed in position upon the upper verandas of the executive building in case an attack is made.

Bouncing the Royalists.

After the vote of the councils that removals of royalists in office should be made, which was precipitated by the removal of Fred Wundenberg from the deputy clerkship of the supreme court, George S. Mathers, registrar of the public accounts, was replaced in the finance department by Mr. George Ashley, an American. Carl Widmann, first clerk in the same department, was replaced by E. A. McInerney, a Hawaiian-born American. The only other removal which has taken place to date is that of a royalist from the custom house, who has been replaced by a three-quarter white annexationist.

Conversation with leading royalists develops the belief that President Cleveland will endeavor to carry out his policy of restoration, and that he will receive sufficient backing in the present Congress to enable him to do so. They admit that the entire dependence on their cause rests now upon the firmness displayed by Mr. Cleveland. They admit that without the armed support of the United States they have no hopes of re-establishing the monarchy and that without the foreign aid they have no hope of overthrowing the provisional government.

What Will the British Do?

All efforts to find out the position to be taken by the British in case trouble occurs have thus far failed. Everybody connected with the British legation is ominously silent.

Within the last few days the British cruiser Champion steamed out ostensibly for target practice, but within seven miles of shore, taking inland bearings and finally steamed out for target practice, after which she returned suddenly to the harbor, being away about one-third of the usual time coupled by British vessels upon such occasions. This procedure has been variously commented upon by the royalists and annexationists.

To Establish a Commonwealth.

Among the annexationists the idea of the establishment of a commonwealth in Hawaii, in case the present government is left upon its own resources, seems to be taking deep root. In case such a plan should materialize in the future, the American model will probably be followed.

At 8 o'clock this morning the United States revenue cutter Corwin arrived unexpectedly in the harbor. Almost as soon as the Corwin dropped her anchor in naval row, Capt. Munger came ashore and went at once to the American legation where he remained with Minister Willis for over an hour. It is learned positively that he delivered dispatches from Washington.

THOUSAND BRAZILIAN CONVICTS

To Fight on Board His Warships—Peixoto's Warships Have Started to the North and Are Ready.

Pernambuco, Dec. 26.—The situation of affairs has very materially changed in this city within the last few hours. Until yesterday Pernambuco believed that its harbor was to be the scene of the first great naval battle between the Republica, Admiral Mello's best warship, and the Aquidaban, her companion rebel ship, on the one side, and the Nictheroy, President Peixoto's dynamite gun cruiser, on the other.

This belief was amply justified by the report received a few days ago, apparently on good authority that the Republica and the Aquidaban had been seen off the Brazilian coast, headed northward, and apparently bound for Pernambuco, as if to take the Nictheroy by surprise and compel her to surrender without the change of putting to sea. The news received here this morning changed the whole aspect of affairs. The rebel warships, it was then learned, were not on their way to Pernambuco but, on the contrary, had sailed towards the mountainous and rugged island of Fernando de Noronha, where there is a large convict settlement.

The revolutionary admiral's object in going to Fernando de Noronha, which is over 100 miles from the main coast of Brazil is to compel so many able-bodied convicts as he can find in the settlement to go aboard his vessel and join their crews. It is said that he expects to secure not less than 1,000 men in this way.

The Associated Press correspondent is reliably informed that the Nictheroy's destination is the island of Fernando de Noronha. If this information is correct the long-expected sea battle between the revolutionist and the government war vessels will in all probability be fought within a short time.

MONSON GOES FREE,

But No One Knows What He Will Do.

Edinburgh, Dec. 23.—Alfred J. Monson, who was recently on trial for the murder of Lieut. Hambrough, and against whom a verdict of "not proven" was rendered yesterday, left his lodgings with his wife this morning, and all attempts to interview them were absolutely fruitless. Last night the Monsons remained in doors and refused to receive any callers.

After a late breakfast this morning they proceeded to Glasgow. Mrs. Monson was closely veiled, and her husband was partly hidden by a large muffler, which he had twisted around his neck. Both Mr. and Mrs. Monson seemed to be in good spirits, and before leaving they sent away several large parcels by the post. Their future movements are unknown

A GLADSTONIAN VICTORY.

Joseph F. Leese Was Re-Elected to the House of Commons.

London, Dec. 22.—At the election held yesterday in the Accrington division of Lancashire, N. E., Joseph Francis Leese, Liberal, was elected to parliament by a vote of 5,822 to 5,564 for R. T. Hermon-Hodge, Conservative. Mr. Leese represented this division in parliament, but owing to his appointment recently as recorder of Manchester, it was necessary that he should be re-elected to the House of Commons.

In 1892 the same candidates ran for office. Mr. Leese then received 6,019 and Mr. Hermon-Hodge, 5,472. There was a falling off from the vote of 1892 of over 190. Mr. Leese's majority is almost 300 less than last year.

More War in Africa.

Tripoli, Dec. 23.—A conflict has taken place at Kanal, near Pergan, between the Arabs and their old time enemies, the Tuariks. The Tuariks lost 90 men and 7,000 camels. The caravan route to Bornu has accordingly been stopped.

England's chief maker of playing cards, Goodall, has died, leaving $800,000.

A large disappearing gun burst at Armstrong's works, one man only being killed.

In 1880 a lime tree in Berwickshire, four feet in circumference at the ground was blown clean down and raised and replaced again. It to-day shows no trace of its injury.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S CASE.

New and Sensational Evidence Has Been Discovered.

London, Dec. 22.—In an interview with the solicitor of Baroness Roques the lawyer said that fresh and sensational evidence had been discovered in favor of Mrs. Maybrick, and that urgent means were being taken to induce Rt. Hon. Henry Asquith, secretary of state for home affairs, to open an independent inquiry into the circumstances of the case under its new developments. The newly discovered evidence comes from the captain of a Halifax, N. S., ship, who has been away at sea, and who is only now able to give his testimony. The captain was intimate with Mr. Maybrick, the deceased husband of the American lady now undergoing sentence of imprisonment for life, after being convicted of his murder. According to the captain, the latter often saw the deceased put a white powder into the food which he was cooking on an oil stove, when he was in Halifax. The captain thought the white powder was some peculiar kind of pepper, and questioned the deceased about it; the latter said that it was arsenic. Thereupon the captain says that he exclaimed: "Good God! Why, that is deadly poison!"

To this Mr. Maybrick is said to have answered: "You must have something to keep yourself up. I take enough to kill you."

The solicitor of the baroness refuses at present to reveal the name of the sea captain who has furnished this, apparently, very important testimony.

FAMINE IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Speculation in Grain Causes Dire Distress.

London, Dec. 23.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg to the Standard says that there is a famine in Central Asia. Wheat is selling for two roubles and ten copecks, a pood at Samarcand; at over three roubles at Ferghana and for nearly 4 1-4 roubles at Tashkend.

The troops have to buy their own rations at a heavy loss. People in the different towns are paying from 6 to 7 copecks a pound for bread when they can get it. Many go without bread. Meanwhile there is a plethora of grain, etc., on the Volga, so that the famine in Central Asia is merely due to a movement gotten up by a syndicate of merchants.

The Drouth in Argentine.

Buenos Ayres, Dec. 23.—The drouth in the Argentine Republic is causing serious damage to crops, etc. Negotiations are proceeding for the conclusion of a commercial treaty between Argentina and Chili.

Financial Trouble in Austria.

Vienna, Dec. 22.—Several business houses have received advices of a fresh commercial crisis. At Patras four important failures have taken place, the bills of the firms affected having been dishonored.

WASHINGTON.

THE SENATE IS NOT FRIENDLY.

Large Number of Executive Nominations Which Are Unconfirmed.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Of the four hundred nominations sent to the Senate by the President during the time the Senate has been in regular session 105 were un-acted upon when the Senate took a recess for the Christmas holidays. These nominations do not expire at this time, however, as they would in case of an adjournment, but may be considered after Congress shall re-convene on the 3d of January, just as if they had not been sent in until that time. A large majority of the nominations which go over are those of postmasters in small towns.

There are some nominations left, however, which are not included in this class, and among these are the nomination of Judge Hornblower for justice of the Supreme court, and of Robert E. Preston, for director of the mint, which have been in dispute almost ever since the beginning of the executive session. The list also includes the names of J. Scott Harrison, brother of ex-President Harrison, for surveyor of customs at Kansas City, Mo.; of Walter H. Bunn, appraiser of merchandise; William N. Hailman, superintendent of Indian schools, and of A. J. Arnold, postmaster at Topeka.

Isaac W. J. Woolf, of New Jersey, for agent of the Indians at Nevada agency in Nevada, and of Kope Elias, for collector of customs in North Carolina, both of which were opposed, also again suffer temporary defeat.

Among other nominations not acted upon were the following: Chas. Parlange, United States district judge, Louisiana; W. J. Mize, collector internal First district, Illinois; Charles Speck, collector internal revenue, First district, Missouri; Webster Withers, collector internal revenue, Sixth district, Missouri; David G. Browne, collector internal revenue, Montana and Idaho; Wilson S. Baldwin, collector customs Erie, Pa.; Jas. W. Walker, marshal, Western district, Pennsylvania.

HERBERT BACKS WAY DOWN,

And Commodore Stanton is Given the Best Command in the Navy.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Secretary Herbert yesterday gave out his decision in the case of Commodore Stanton, detached from the command of the South Atlantic station for saluting Mello in the harbor of Rio. The secretary restores Stanton to duty and assigns him to the command of the North Atlantic squadron. This is regarded as perhaps the choicest station to command among them. The concluding portion of Secretary Herbert's letter is as follows:

"The department has never for a moment considered that you were intentionally guilty of wrong in this matter, but only that you committed a grave error of judgment. For this reason, and to satisfy the authorities of Brazil who were offended at your action, you were detached from your command. The department now feeling assured that no further action will be necessary to prevent the recurrence of such errors, will as soon as practicable restore you to command."

New London, Conn., Dec. 22.—Admiral Stanton was seen at his home here last night by a reporter of the Associated Press, and handed a copy of the Washington dispatch announcing his reinstatement and appointment to the command of the North Atlantic squadron. It was the first intimation the admiral had of the order, and he appeared to be greatly pleased at the announcement.

He declined to make any statement until the official order mailed him from Washington was delivered. He, however, said he was surprised, as he was not anticipating anything of the kind at the present time.

ABOUT THE REFUNDING SYSTEM.

Secretary Carlisle Will Investigate Customs Practices.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Neither Secretary Carlisle nor his assistants are willing to talk for publication concerning their future action in regard to the loose refund system that now exists, but it is evident that they contemplate a thorough investigation into the whole system which it is said has been in vogue under the tariff act of 1883.

The principles enunciated by the court in the case of the United States against Schlessinger is that under which tobacco refunds have been made and which it is asserted have been departed from. In this case the court decided that the decision of the secretary of the Treasury on appeal from a collection of customs as to the rate and amount of duties is not final and conclusive except in the case, where, after a protest and appeal a payment of duties is made in order to obtain possession of the goods, and then a suit is not brought to recover the duties within the time and under the limitations prescribed.

Such suit is not final in a suit brought by the United States against an importer where, on entering the goods he paid the estimated duties and the goods were delivered to him, and on the reliquidation of the entry further duties were assessed, and he duly protested and appealed to the secretary to sustain the action of the collector, on suit being brought to recover such further duties. In such suit the defendant shows as a defense that the order of duties were illegally assessed.

CALLS IT A LOTTERY.

Assistant Attorney General Thomas Makes a Decision.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Assistant Attorney General Thomas, of the post-office department, has decided an interesting case brought to the attention of the department. It was the proposition of a merchant to write the names of every purchaser of a dollar's worth of goods at his store opposite certain numbers following in rotation giving the customer as many numbers as dollars paid for the goods.

These numbers he proposed to copy on pieces of paper and deposit them in a box. The proprietor intended to select some person to draw out a name and to give a prize to the person whose name appeared opposite that number. The department held that the scheme constitutes a lottery.

LOW CASH BALANCE.

The Government Funds on Hand Are Less Than Ever Before.

Washington, Dec. 26.—The prospects are that during the present week the available cash balance of the treasury will reach a figure lower than has ever been recorded in its history. At the close of business Saturday the balance, as stated on the books of the treasury, was $90,167,268, and it is generally expected that it will fall below the $90,000,000 during this week.

The total balance of the 1st instant was $95,199,616, showing a reduction during the month of $4,712,348. The loss, however, has fallen more largely upon the currency balance than upon the gold reserve. The marked excess of expenditures over receipts, it is now believed, will show a deficiency in the revenues at the close of the calendar year of approximately $37,000,000.

IT WILL BE A BIG CONTRACT.

A Decision Will Soon be Reached About Printing Postage Stamps.

Washington, Dec. 22.—The question of awarding the contract for printing postage stamps to the bureau of engraving and printing or to outside bidders will be determined within a few days.

It is expected that a conference between the postmaster general, the secretary of the treasury, the Chas. F. Steele Co., of New York, the next lowest bidder will be held within two or three days to discuss the matter. The exact time for the conference will probably be decided by Postmaster General Bissell and Secretary Carlisle to-day. The department officials expect a decision within a week.

JOSEPH DONJON ARRESTED.

The Threatening Crank in Jail in Washington.

Washington, Dec. 26.—Joseph Donjon, the man who has been writing threatening letters to a number of prominent public men during the last two weeks, is in jail to-day. He walked into the detective bureau of Jas. A. McDevitt yesterday afternoon asking for food. The doctor took him in a coffee house and had something prepared for him to eat. Meantime he questioned him, and learned enough to fix his identity. He started towards the station house with his man, and on the way met detective Ned Wedon and George Boyd, in whose hands he placed him.

It will be remembered that a letter from this man to Senator Mills a few days ago caused the Senator's son, Charles H. Mills, to secure leave from the authorities to go armed for the protection of his father. This was the cause of bringing the man's act more promptly before the public. For several months he has been writing similar letters to a number of prominent public men, among whom were Vice President Stevenson, Senator Gorman, Senator Mills, Senator Sherman, and, as the man claims, President Cleveland and Secretary of War Lamont.

As long ago as during the fight over the silver question in the Senate, Vice President Stevenson received letters almost daily from Donjon, who was then in Newark, N. J. No attention was paid to them, and they were consigned to the waste basket as soon as they arrived. Vice President Stevenson received one to-day which was dated from 304 Leigh street, this city.

READY TO FIGHT PROF. WILSON.

Democrats Will Go to the Capital to Protest.

Washington, Dec. 26.—The prospects are that those persons who are opposing the free raw materials in the Wilson bill, coal, iron and lead ore, etc., will concentrate their efforts to secure changes in the bill in the Senate. Delegations representing these various interests will be here during the coming week to begin their work. Democrats, as far as possible, are being delegated to make these protests.

Hon. John M. Burke, of Idaho, the advance guard of the lead men, is here, and will be joined in a few days by others representing the states of Montana, Wyoming, Nevada and the territory of Utah. Mr. Burke says that free lead ore will absolutely paralyze the mining industry of the states and territories named. Mr. Burke was the Democratic candidate for governor of Idaho in the last campaign. If the duty on lead ore cannot be retained in part at least by the Wilson bill these lead miners will ask for the retention of the duty of two cents on pig lead, reduced by the Wilson bill to one cent.

An effort will be made on the part of the representatives of the several interests to combine so as to secure concerted action, but whether a combination can be effected is very uncertain.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPITAL.

Mayor Hopkins, of Chicago, Calls Upon the President.

Washington, Dec. 26.—Christmas day at the national capital opened bright and sunny. The temperature was unusually mild. It was an ideal day to be out of doors, and the streets and parks were filled with people. Early in the morning the express wagons began arriving at the White House to add to the great stock of presents which had previously arrived. One huge dry goods box from New York was labelled for Miss Ruth Cleveland, and the "handle with care" on it told of its delicate contents. The bundles and boxes were taken to the large front room on the second story where a white aproned nurse superintended the unpacking.

At 10 o'clock the President went to his desk for an hour to attend to such matters as required immediate attention. The house was closed, except as to specially invited guests. John P. Hopkins, the new mayor of Chicago, was one of the few admitted to the President to extend Christmas greetings and talk business, presumably in connection with the unfilled Chicago federal offices. Assistant Secretary of State Uhl also had a short conference with the President.

WILL BE NO TERRITORIES LEFT

Except Indian Territory and Alaska and They Don't Count.

Washington, Dec. 21.—When the New Mexico and Oklahoma bills are passed by Congress, the committees on territories of both houses will be practically defunct. If a bill is presented for the admission of Indian territory, it will no doubt come before the committees on territories, but as a usual thing all matters in reference to the Indians of that section would naturally be considered by the committees on Indian affairs. There will be more or less business for the committee on territories to consider with reference to Alaska, as it is believed that Alaska will not be admitted for many years.

NO CABINET MEETING.

His Imperial Majesty Will Visit His Subjects Along the Potomac.

Washington, Dec. 26.—There was no session of the cabinet to-day. The President was busy in preparing for departure from the city at the time the Cabinet usually convenes. He took a boat for a trip down the Potomac. His destination is kept a secret.

Although there was no Cabinet meeting this morning, a number of the Cabinet officers called on the President before the usual hour for Cabinet meeting. Secretary Gresham, Secretary Carlisle and Secretary Lamont were of the number.

GIVE COMMANDS BY WHISTLES.

New Regulations in United States Army Tactics.

Washington, Dec. 26.—The major general commanding the United States army has approved that part of the new tactics providing for officers giving commands, under certain circumstances, by whistles instead of by mouth.

The whistles are to be placed in the cross pieces of the guards of the swords and an order has been issued to the commanding officers of the Springfield armory and the Rock Island arsenal to make this alteration as promptly as possible.

ATTORNEY GENERAL OLNEY

Positively Denies the Story of His Intended Resignation.

Washington, Dec. 20.—(Special.)—Attorney General Olney to-day, when questioned by The Blade correspondent as to the accuracy of the report that he was about to resign from the cabinet, positively denied it.

"I have no intention of resigning the attorney generalship," said he, "nor have I ever thought of such a thing. The story is an absolute falsehood."

WILL JUMP ON STEVENS.

The House Committee Amends the Hill Resolution.

Washington, Dec. 21.—The House committee on Foreign Affairs agreed to-day to report a substitute for the Hitt Hawaiian resolution.

The substitute condemns the action of Minister Stevens in Hawaii.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS

Send a Protest Through Senator Sherman.

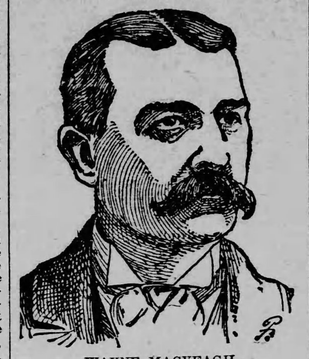
Washington, Dec. 20.—(Special.)—Senator Sherman to-day introduced a petition of 10 cigar manufacturers of Ohio praying for the imposition of a uniform rate of duty of 35 per cent on all unstemmed leaf tobacco.

Nothing has been received at the State department from Minister Willis by the steamer Maraposa, which arrived at San Francisco Friday. It is supposed at the department that the revenue cutter Corwin is now on her way back from Honolulu and it is expected that she will bring the reply of Minister Willis to the instructions sent him by the Corwin.

MACVEAGH CONFIRMED QUICKLY.

The Senate Acts Favorably on Several Appointments.

Washington, Dec. 21.—The Senate in executive session yesterday after-



WAYNE MACVEAGH.

noon confirmed the following nominations:

Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, to be ambassador of the United States to Italy; John B. Riley, of New York, to be consul general at Ottawa; James H. Ferney, of Idaho, to be district attorney for the district of Idaho.

Postmasters—Michigan—Edward C. Morrissey, at Jackson.

CONGRESS TAKES ADJOURNMENT.

For Christmas and New Year's—Will Meet January 3.

Washington, Dec. 22.—In the Senate to-day a good part of the time was devoted to executive business, and many nominations were confirmed. During the brief legislative session Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, took occasion in securing an order for the reprinting of a memorial on the subject of bankruptcy, to say that there was no justification for the impression throughout the country that all hope of bankruptcy legislation was now dead.

Mr. Proctor (Rep., Vt.) introduced a bill to annex the territory of Utah to the State of Nevada. Referred to the committee on territories.

At 12:45, the Senate, on motion of Mr Mills (Dem., Tex.) proceeded to the consideration of executive business.

When the doors were again opened, the corrected House joint resolution providing for the holiday recess of Congress from to-day until Wednesday, January 3, 1894, was laid before the Senate and concurred in. At 1:50 the Senate took a recess until 2:30.

At the expiration of the recess at 2:30 the Senate resumed its session, and, after transacting some routine business, at 2:45 again went into executive session.

Mr. Gresham's Communication.

The legislative session was resumed at 3:40 and the chair laid before the Senate a communication from the secretary of state in response to the resolution of the Senate calling for information as to whether permission had been granted any foreign cable company to land its cables or lines on the coast of the United States since March 1, 1893. The secretary of state said no such permission has been granted since March 1, 1895, either conditionally or unconditionally, knowing of no law of Congress authorizing him or any other executive officer to do so; that several times prior to that date such permission was refused unless completed on prescribed conditions; and that he knows of no reason for granting such permission since March 1, 1893, that did not exist prior to that date.

Mr. Frye (Rep., Me.), the author of the resolution to which the communication of the secretary of state was a reply, asked that the communication lie on the table, as he desired to call the attention of Congress to some matters connected with it.

Then on motion of Mr. Gorman (Dem., Md.) the Senate, at 3:45 p. m., adjourned until Wednesday, January 3, 1894.

Close in the House.

The House waited patiently for an hour for the adjournment resolution to come from the Senate, the tellers in the meantime vainly trying to secure a quorum on Mr. Wheeler's motion to go into the committee of the whole on the New Mexico bill. Tellers then reported that the vote on the motion stood 141 to 0.

In making the report General Wheeler called attention to the fact that the Republicans had refused to vote, 130 of the 141 votes being the votes of Democrats.

A moment later the President's clerk announced his approval of the deficiency bill, and then, at 3:15, the House, upon motion of Mr. Holman, adjourned for the holiday recess until January 3, 1894.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The President has signed the joint resolution for the protection of those parties who have heretofore been allowed to make entries for lands within the former Mille Lac Indian reservation in Minnesota.

The House committee on Public Lands yesterday reported favorably a bill to amend the land act of March 3, 1891. The bill reported is to validate the rights of any person who had initiated a contest prior to the passage of that act if he was at that time qualified to make an entry for the tract. Another bill reported by this committee provides for the reduction of the fees of land officers west of Kansas to the same rates allowed land officers east of Kansas.

The secretary of War has sent to the House a report on the tonnage which passed through St. Mary's canal in Michigan, during the year 1893. There was navigation for 219 days, 14 less than in 1892. The number of vessels passing through the canal was 12,008, 572 less than in 1892. The value of freight passing through the canal was $145,435,956, about $10,000,000 more than last year. The tonnage registered was 9,849,754; the freight tonnage, 10,796,572, each about 1,000,000 less than last year.

No expressions can be secured in the state department of the probable contingency of an attempt to restore the monarchy in Brazil. If such an attempt were confined to Brazil and the Brazilians, it is not likely that any forces of the United States would be opposed to it. If any European power should take part in an attempt to restore the Brazilian monarchy, the traditions of the government would all be on the side of a protest from this government, backed by a sufficient force to make it effective.

The Senate committee on Territories held a meeting Thursday which was devoted to making preliminary arrangements for the consideration of the territorial admission bills. Sub-committees for the investigation of the various questions involved in connection with the several bills were appointed, as follows: Utah—Faulkner, Bate, Platt. Arizona—Hill, Call, Davis. New Mexico—Blackburn, White (Cal.), Shoup. Oklahoma—Bate, Hill, Hansbrough. There was some discussion of the policy of admission, but it was of an extremely general character, and none but a very indefinite opinion could be formed from what was said. There was nothing, however, said to indicate that there will be any very determined fight in committee on any of the bills.

The Senate committee on Foreign Relations will immediately begin the work of investigating the irregularities in the diplomatic relations between this country and the Hawaiian government, as authorized by the resolution of Senator Morgan, chairman of that committee. The resolution as it passed the Senate authorizes the committee to send for persons and papers, and it is the purpose to investigate the subject as fully as is possible under the scope of the resolution, and as the regular duties of the members of the committee will permit. There are several residents of Hawaii now in the city, and it is the purpose of the committee to secure their testimony as soon as possible before they leave here. Consequently the committee will sit during the holidays, probably beginning next Tuesday or Wednesday.

RHEUMATIC

Sciatic, sharp and shooting pains, strains and weaknesses relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. It instantly relieves weak, painful kidneys, back ache, uterine pains and weaknesses, coughs, colds and chest pains. It *vitalizes* the nervous forces, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness when all others fail.

Price, 25c.; five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

A RACY NEW JERSEY STORY.

She Had More Nerve Than the Average Woman.

New York, Dec. 22.—Richard Daniels, a retired Presbyterian minister, lives at 89 York avenue, New Brighton, Staten Island. Joseph Dean is a young man engaged in the harness business in New Brighton. The Rev. Mr. Daniels keeps a boarding house, and Dean boards with him. After dinner on Tuesday night Mr. Dean invited his landlord's daughter, Lottie Daniels, to take a walk. After strolling about the village they finally got to the corner of Brighton and Castleton avenues. The place is unfrequented, and both sides of the street are lined with deep woods and brushwood. There are no houses near.

Without warning three men leaped out of the darkness and shouted:

"Hold up your hands or we will shoot you!"

One of them seized Miss Daniels, pinned her arms behind her back, and clapped his hands over her mouth to stifle her screams. The other two men attacked Dean. He is a broad-shouldered, muscular chap, and made a desperate resistance. The three fought back and forth over the road. Finally one of them tripped Dean, and when he had fallen to the ground he was held fast and prevented from shouting.

When the assailants had accomplished this they demanded money. Mr. Dean had no money. The man who had his hands over Miss Daniels's mouth removed them, and she screamed at the top of her voice. The man gruffly ordered her to stop her noise or he would stuff a handkerchief into her mouth and make her. He ordered her to produce her money.

She took out her purse, but there were only a few small coins in it. There was in fact just 37 cents, as she remembered. She offered this to the robber, but he said he wanted $5. She told him she hadn't that much money, and begged him in tears to release her escort and herself. The man laughed at this. Miss Daniels then suggested that they release her and she would go home and get $5. After a discussion among themselves they agreed to do so. They accordingly released Miss Daniels, holding Dean as a hostage. He was still on the ground with one of the men sitting on him.

Miss Daniels flew down York avenue to her home, nearly paralyzed with fear. When she burst into the house she sank in a chair on the verge of hysterics. She hastily related what had occurred, and her young brother was hurried out for a policeman. He found Policeman Larkin on post in New Brighton, and brought him back to the house with him. A party had been made up in the meantime by the male boarders in the house. They armed themselves with sticks and stones and sallied forth to the rescue just as the policeman arrived. It was agreed that Miss Daniels should go back followed a short distance behind by the policeman.

The boarders in the meantime made a detour to get in the rear and prevent the escape of the assailants. The latter were wary, however. They had also moved up some distance from where they originally had been. They caught sight of the policeman's brass buttons just as Miss Daniels got within speaking distance. With a yell they left Dean, dived into the brush, and were soon lost to sight.

Last night the police captured John McNally, Patrick McGrath and Daniel Peterson, jr., all of New Brighton. The first two insisted that they were innocent, but Peterson confessed, and implicated the others. All were locked up by Justice Acker in default of $1,000 bail each.

TO STRANGLE THE OCTOPUS.

Prominent New York Democrats Are Organizing.

New York, Dec. 22.—The New York state Democracy, which aims at the overthrow of Tammany Hall and bossism throughout the state, met in Cooper Union last night, to perfect a permanent organization. The hall was crowded, and there was great enthusiasm. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchilds, was elected chairman.

Resolutions were passed, authorizing Chairman Fairchild to appoint an executive committee not exceeding 100, which shall constitute the general committee of the new movement. This committee, will be charged with perfecting the organization in this county of the state Democracy, and to strengthen and popularize the Democratic party throughout the state.

Speeches were made by John W. Goff, Theodore Sutro and Augustus A. Healy. Mr. Goff said that the crime of losing the constitutional convention, which has fallen to the Republican party, could be laid at the doors of the hydra-headed bossism, and for twenty years the Democrats of this state will not have the opportunity to retrieve that great misfortune.

ARE READY TO OPEN UP.

The Great Midwinter Exposition at San Francisco.

San Francisco, Dec. 22.—Final preparations are being made for the greatest event ever witnessed on the Pacific coast. On January 1, 1894, the gates of the California mid-winter international exposition will be thrown open, where visitors will be entertained amidst a profusion of palms and flowers.

The exposition, which in its incipiency, was looked upon by many as nothing more than a sideshow to the Columbian exposition, has developed into one of far greater magnitude than its most sanguine supporters dreamed. When the idea was born in the minds of its promoters it was thought that five buildings would cover all the requirements, but today over seventy buildings are to be seen in the 160 acres set aside in Golden Gate park for the purpose.

As a special attraction the services of the Iowa state band have been secured to play during the continuance of the exposition.

MEYER JURY DISCHARGED.

Juror Low's Mental Condition Causes a Mistrial.

New York, Dec. 22.—(Special.)—Yesterday afternoon Judge Barnett dismissed the jury in the case of Dr. Henry C. F. Meyer. Medical experts had previously informed the court that there was no possibility of Juror Low being able to take his seat in the jury box.

The court stated that no one was to blame for the mistrial. It is understood that the case will be taken up in the January term of the court of Over and Terminer. Congressman John R. Fellows takes charge of the district attorney's office on January 1, but he will doubtless appoint ex-District Attorney DeLancey Nicoll to conduct the case for the state.

CARRIED OFF BY AN EAGLE.

Sad Fate of a Little Child at Selma, Alabama.

Selma, Ala., Dec. 22.—The body of a 3-year old child of Henry Smith, colored, was found yesterday on a rocky cliff by a party of searchers who have been looking for it for a week.

The child had been left alone, and when an older child returned he saw an eagle with what appeared to be a child in its talons. The body was recognized by bits of clothing, the flesh being eaten from the bones. Numerous skeletons of animals were found at the same place.

EFFORT TO OUST VOORHEES.

Isaac Pusey Gray is Getting in Line.

Laporte, Ind., Dec. 23.—Strong efforts are being made to oust Senator Voorhees and make ex-Governor Gray his successor. The anti-Voorhees movement contemplates the capture of the state committee by the Gray faction, and the election as chairman of an enthusiastic supporter of the ex-governor.

It is understood that the silver question will cut quite a figure in the campaign and an effort will be made to array the friends of free coinage against Voorhees on account of his course in the Senate.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleansed and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES

These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching and Burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES! Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S SON

Makes a Mad Attack Upon a Theatrical Troop in Salt Lake.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 23.—By presence of mind and prompt action on the part of several members of Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown" company a terrible tragedy was averted at the Salt Lake theater last evening.

About 9 o'clock, Oscar B. Young, a crazy son of the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, burst open the door of the box office. Before the astonished treasurer and manager could collect themselves, Young strode into the theater, around to the stage door and dashed across the stage.

The curtains were down, and the actors dressing for the second act.

Young is a man of powerful physique, having till recent years been a blacksmith.

Into the first dressing-room he broke and stood frothing in passion before Harry Connor, the "Well and Strong" of the play. After trying to look the door he demanded the key of Connor.

"I'll teach you to go to New York and talk about the Danites," he said.

With a torrent of oaths, the madman pressed upon Connor. Instantly recognizing that he was in the presence of a madman, Connor jumped out of the door. The ladies in the adjoining rooms screamed. At this moment the property-man, Antone Mazgerovich, a match in size and strength for Young, leaped upon the madman from behind and pinioned him.

Just then a boy was passing with two swords used in the play. With the strength born of madness, Young released himself, grabbed a sword and commenced plunging at those around him.

Again the massive property-man caught him from behind, at the same time catching the hilt of the sword. Those of the ladies who had not fainted rushed to their rooms.

"Don't lynch me; don't lynch me!" cried Young.

He was forced into the street, a policeman called and, still raving, was carried to the station. Young has long been regarded as daft, and of late has shown dangerous tendencies. Those who know the man regard the lucky outcome of the stage encounter as little short of a miracle. Young's mental spell is said to be the result of financial troubles. He had no acquaintance with any one in the theatrical company.

WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.

Whiskers Waite Convenes the Colorado Legislature.

Denver, Dec. 26.—Governor Waite last night issued the long talked of call for a special session of the legislature to meet Wednesday, January 10, 1894. The call consists of about five thousand words and mentions over thirty subjects on which the legislative action should be taken.

On the currency he says: "Appealing to the Almighty God for the rectitude of my intentions and willing to assume the entire responsibility of the act," the governor solemnly declares, "I do issue this, my proclamation." The first "business" for the legislature suggested in the call is to provide that all silver dollars, domestic and foreign, containing not less than 351 1-4 grains of fine silver shall be legal tender for all debts collectible in Colorado. The governor also suggests the passage of an act forbidding the making of trust deeds, mortgages or obligations of any kind payable in gold; laws providing for the issuance of certificates of small denominations in payment for work on state canals; said certificates to be receivable for water carriage and leasing or purchase of internal improvement lands and to be convertible after three years into $100 certificates; repeal of all laws authorizing the issuance of municipal bonds and the enactment of a law to provide for the issuance of certificates of small denominations in payment for work on public improvements. The governor also suggests many subjects of legislation affecting various local interests in the state.

TO SAIL FOR BRAZIL.

The Cruiser New York Starts South To-Day.

New York, Dec. 26.—There is no doubt now as to the destination of the crack cruiser New York. She will sail from the Brooklyn navy yard to-day and with the exception of a short stay somewhere near Gravesend Bay or Sandy Hook to take a pilot on board, she will go direct south. Capt. Philip refused to say where the cruiser was bound for.

A notice which was posted in a prominent place in the officers' quarters indicated very clearly that the ship was bound for Rio de Janeiro. It read as follows:

"Mail memorandum."

The American line steamers for Rio de Janeiro leave New York on the first and fifteenth of each month. Letters sent to London should also be addressed to this ship at Rio.

ARE RAISING A FUND

To Fight the Passage of Professor Wilson's Bill.

New York, Dec. 26.—The Herald makes the following assertion: A large and growing fund is being raised by manufacturers and others whose pecuniary interests are directly involved in the tariff legislation, in the hope of defeating the Wilson tariff bill.

That money is being subscribed for such purpose is already an open secret. How vast the sum is and who are its custodians at the present writing are not, however, so clear. Opponents of the Wilson tariff measure talk freely on generalities, but will not tell what they will do with their money.

AN ANSWER FROM THE MOON.

Whoever Gets It Will Get a Fortune.

Paris, Dec. 26.—A lady, some time ago left the sum of 100,000 francs as a prize for the institute of France to be given to the first person who, within ten years communicates with a celestial body and receives an answer.

It is quite possible that the council of state may decide that it is unable to accept the legacy, in which case it will be offered to the Instituto of Milan, first, and upon the inability of the latter institution to accept it, it will be offered to other institutes.

THE COURT-ROOM PACKED

To Hear the Cross-Examination of Mrs. Andrew Foy.

Chicago, Dec. 26.—Crowds surged through the corridors and attempted to gain entrance to the court room where Mrs. Andrew Foy to-day was to be cross-examined in the Coughlin trial.

Ex-Judge Wing subjected the witness to a severe questioning. She was interrogated as to Coughlin's visit to her husband on the night of May 9, and admitted that she heard nothing suspicious in the conversation.

HORRIBLE TALE OF INDIAN CRUELTY AT NEEDLES.

A Pretty Indian Squaw is Condemned as a Witch Because She Gave Birth to Twins.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 26.—A horrible story of the wild law and superstition of the Mojave Indians is told by J. F. Saunders, who arrived last evening, from the Needles, a town on the Colorado river, on the Atlantic & Pacific railway.

He had heard the details just before he took the train, and they seem to be corroborated by an account given in a local paper, the Eye, which he brought with him.

The Mojave Indian reservation is about half a mile from the Needles, and the aborigines are virtually their own masters, having their own laws and superstitions.

From Saunders's account, on Tuesday last a triple murder was committed, under the plea of a tradition, by the Indians. One of the prettiest squaws of the tribe, known as "Loneta," was married, according to the savage rites, about a year ago.

She was a comely girl, only 18 years old, and had picked up some education. Her husband was one of the braves, and appeared to be very fond of her. Sunday last she gave birth to twins, and, as a result, a grand powwow was called, for according to the Mojave tradition, the squaw who has twins is a witch and a consort of evil spirits.

The penalty has always been death for the babies and mother. Loneta's husband was so fond of her, however, that he made a strong plea for her and the babies, but it was of no avail. The medicine man held that the old custom must be observed, and the two little ones were brought forward and brained with a club. Loneta was kept for a more trying ordeal, which she suffered without complaint. Every one of her personal belongings were gathered and put into her "shack," and she was ordered inside. She bid her husband farewell and went in.

The entrance was closed, straw and brush were piled about the frail structure and fired, and in two hours nothing but a few embers remained to tell the tragic story. Officers at the Needles learned the facts too late to interfere, and the poor squaw, with this horrid torture, passed to the happy hunting ground, where her poor little offspring had preceded her.

HEAR THE ENGLISHMEN!

The London Post Thinks That We Don't Know Our Business.

London, Dec. 26.—The Post in an article upon the meeting of Congress says that it has to consider the question of how to keep the government going amidst the confusion and disorder due to the corruption which professional politicians have introduced into every department.

The McKinley system, it adds, has killed the goose which laid so many golden eggs for the treasury. The pension expenditure, it declares, is a most scandalous item. A hundred years ago the American politician tried to rob the fighting man of his battles and now his successors have been wasting money on any sheme so long as there was an excuse for maintaining taxation.

The fact that some persons hoped that the repeal of the Sherman law would restore commercial prosperity shows how little real knowledge the Republicans possessed. After a course of folly and corruption unexampled in modern history it is ludicrious to expect that a vote of Congress will set things right. The personal merit of President Cleveland's policy is his resolute striving to carry measures which are not able to bear immediate fruit.

SENATOR SHERMAN OPPOSES

The Coxey Plan for the Issuance of Treasury Notes.

Massillon, O., Dec. 21.—Senator Sherman has written a letter to the Evening Independent in which he deals with "the Coxey plan" for relieving the hard times by the issuance of $500,000,000 in Treasury notes, the money to be expended in the construction of roads under the direction of the Secretary of War. The American Federation of Labor at Chicago has endorsed the plan, and Mr. Coxey is using his private means to promote its success. Senator Sherman's letter is as follows:

"The pitiable state of the laboring man of to-day is caused by the threatened blow at American industries by a free trade tariff. This undoubtedly has caused the fearful distress prevailing in the country. The remedy proposed, of issuing $500,000,000 of United States notes not redeemable in coin, would be a fearful failure.

"The issue of such a mass of paper money would restore the condition of affairs that existed in 1837 and 1873. The true remedy is to insure the people good money of unquestioned and unchangeable value, based upon gold and silver coin, and to maintain American industries by wise taxation on foreign productions that compete with our own."

WILL EMPLOY 2,500 MEN

In Making Steel Rails for the Union Pacific Road.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 21.—The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company will be ready to start their Bessemer steel works on the contract of the Union Pacific for 26,000 tons of steel rails, on March 1. The work on this contract will last four months, and will employ 2,500 men, or about one-half the unemployed in the state.

The amount called for in the agreement is $960,000, and with some work they have for the Santa Fe, the Fuel company has now about $1,200,000 worth of work on hand. The company has adopted the Pittsburg and Milwaukee scale.

DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS

Alike Combine to Beat the Wilson Tariff Bill.

Bristol, Pa., Dec. 21.—Hundreds of the citizens of Bristol, including those holding all shades of political opinions, are signing a petition addressed to Congress praying that body to defeat the Wilson tariff bill. Mill employes are almost unanimously against the bill.

EMBRACES EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Ten Per Cent Cut in Wages by the Waltham Watch Works.

Waltham, Mass., Dec. 21.—A general cut of 10 per cent in wages has been announced to the employes of the American Waltham Watch factory. The cut embraces every department of the big shops, where at present nearly 1,800 persons are employed.

ACCIDENT AT HOMESTEAD.

A Cave-In at the Carnegie Steel Plant.

Homestead, Pa., Dec. 23.—An accident occurred by a cave-in at the Carnegie Steel company's plant at 1 o'clock this morning, by which one man was killed and three others seriously injured.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

Nothing shows so clearly the vast surplus of idle money as the fact that the near approach of the close of the year, with its settlements, payments of interest and dividends, etc., has no effect whatever on the money market. In prosperous times the preparations for these payments always create a keen demand for money, and rates take a sharp advance. This year nothing of the sort is taking place. The New York bank statement of last week showed a gain in cash, indicating that the movement of money for the interior has not yet ceased. The absence of demand for loans is still the controlling factor in the money market. Call money was offered in large amounts last week at 1@1 1-2 per cent., and the offerings on time were vastly greater than the demand, though rates were quoted at 2 @3 per cent. for 30 to 60 days and 3@4 per cent. for 4 to 6 months.

The stock market for last week showed an increase of activity, but it was at the expense of prices. The enforced suspension of the St. Nicholas bank was one of the depressing influences, though no serious complications on the stock exchange resulted. The decline in foreign exchange puts an end for the time to gold exports, but this had no effect on the market. The rumors of the difficulties of the Atchison & Santa Fe railway formed another disquieting factor, though the passing of the road into receivers' hands came after the week's business was closed.

Silver was dull, the market for bars as well as rates of India exchange being affected by the possibility of an import duty on silver in India. It is understood that the English exchequer is opposed to such action. Bar silver closed in New York on Saturday at 69 1-2 cents per ounce.

THE WINTER WHEAT CROP.

Reports From Grain Men in the Six Winter Wheat States.

Toledo Daily Blade, Dec. 23.

During the past four days Messrs. C. A. King & Co., of this city, have received replies from 3,383 grain dealers and millers in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Kansas and Missouri, concerning the winter wheat crop. They cover every important wheat county in those states, which raise 150,000,000 to 250,000,000 bushels annually, or about two-thirds of the winter wheat crop of the United States. These states are also among the largest clover seed producers.

Each of the states report a smaller acreage sown to winter wheat this fall than the amount sown in 1892. Michigan shows the largest falling off, being nearly a quarter smaller. Missouri has about a fifth less; Illinois about an eighth less, some of the smaller wheat counties there showing the greatest decrease. Kansas, Ohio and Indiana each show about a sixteenth decrease. The acreage harvested this year was reduced by a larger amount than usual, being winter killed.

The crop goes into winter in good condition. Some sections say it was a little dry for the late sown. Ohio reports the best and a very favorable start. Indiana shows nearly as well, followed closely by Kansas and Michigan, while Missouri and Illinois have secured only a fair, or an average start; 635 report the prospect excellent; 1,238 good; 1,014 fair; 883 poor, and only 75 say it has a very poor start.

The reports show that about three-eighths of the 1893 wheat crop, which was a short one, still remains in farmers' and dealers' and interior millers' hands in the six states. Ohio, as usual, has the largest reserves, equal to about half of the last crop. Michigan is next, with nearly as much; Indiana has about a third, while Illinois, Kansas and Missouri each have about 30 per cent.

Half of the reports say the reserves are about the same as a year ago. Ohio has a trifle more; Indiana and Michigan fully as much; Illinois a trifle less, while Kansas and Missouri have somewhat less. Kansas and Missouri have only enough to supply their local mills until next harvest; Michigan and Illinois will spread most of their surplus, but Ohio and Indiana have a fair surplus for shipment.

More poor wheat has been fed to animals than usual. Fully a third of the reports say none of consequence has been in their section; a third say about 5 per cent, while a third average about an eighth of the